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1885.

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ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LIII.

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No. 12.

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# FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1885:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSSES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of a Misses' jacket. The back-drapery falls deep and square upon the skirt and is very *bouffant* in its draping, which is made by three deep, downward-turning plaits in the side edges and tackings to the breadth at points accurately indicated in the pattern.

For indoor or outdoor wear this is a handsome and stylish toilette.

The materials here combined are brocaded wool goods and plain satin and velvet, with woolen lace for trimming. A knife-plaiting of satin trims the bottom of the skirt, which is in the fashionable four-gored style; and upon the gores are two draperies, which present strikingly varied effects at the sides. The left side-drapery is arranged in backward-turning plaits at the center, the plaits flaring in fan fashion between two plain spaces that produce the effect of narrow panels; the effect of the panels being heightened by facings of satin overlaid with the lace mentioned. The side-drapery joins the front-drapery beneath the first of three backward-turning plaits that are laid in the top of the drapery and creased to flare prettily toward the lower edge. Three upturning plaits in the right side edge of the front-drapery raise it stylishly.



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSSES' TOILETTE.

The jacket has its fronts curved out deeply from the tops of the shoulders, is widened to lap broadly at the waist-line and cut away sharply below the lap. The vest is sewed underneath along the bust darts, the joining being continued to the shoulders; and is of satin overlaid at each side with a forward-turning row of lace. It is closed with hooks and loops and is slightly pointed at the end of the closing. Underarm and side-back gores and a curving center seam complete the pretty adjustment of the jacket, and the fronts are closed at the waist-line with a hook and loop. The side-backs are free from the back below the waist-line, and below the center seam and on the front edges of the back skirt are allowed extra widths which are under-folded so as to roll the back skirt in two double box-plaits that rest stylishly on the *tournure*.

The felt hat has its brim bound with velvet, and is trimmed with velvet and plumage.



609

*Front View.*

609

*Back View.*

599

*Front View.*

599

*Back View.*

## MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 609.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cts.

## MISSES' JACKET.

No. 599.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide for the vest, etc. Price, 25 cents.



602

*Front View.*

582

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 582.—Two materials are tastefully combined in this basque. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

## LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 602.—Plaid suiting of a fashionable color was selected for the garment here represented. The edges may be trimmed with braids, wool laces or bands if a perfectly plain finish be not admired. The pattern is in 13 sizes



602

*Back View.*

for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, requires  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



**618***Front View.***618***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 618.—The pattern to this costume is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**614***Front View.***614***Back View.***CHILD'S STREET COSTUME.**

No. 614.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it needs 2 yards of plain material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plaid goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard of plain and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of plaid 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**592***Front View.***622****GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 622.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of one material and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of the one and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other 48 inches wide, each with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the waist. Price, 25 cents.

**LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 592.—A handsome quality of corduroy was selected for this garment. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to

**592***Back View.*

46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require 7 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



619

Front View.

## LADIES' POINTED WAIST.

No. 619.—This pretty waist is made of plain satin, with lace for decoration. Any variety of fashionable dress goods will make up nicely by this pattern, and the garniture may be applied according to the taste. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is fashioned with a high neck, but perforations show the outline for the low, round neck. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 2 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



619

Back View.



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COAT.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's coat No. 604. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment as here represented for a child of 4 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, each with 1 yard of silk 20 inches wide for the ornamental section and bow.



612

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 612.—Plain dress goods were selected for the costume here pictured, and a plaiting of the same, velvet of a darker shade and silk pendants form the tasteful garnitures. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 8 years, will require 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 615. The fabrics here combined are plain and plaid cloth, with fur bands for garnitures. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the costume of one material for a girl of 8 years, will require  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, each with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The aim of the Companion has been, and still is, to provide the best matter for the instruction and entertainment of its subscribers. In pursuance of this plan, we announce important accessions to its list of Contributors, that already includes nearly all the distinguished Authors of this country and Great Britain, and some of those of France and Germany. A few selections from the Announcements for the year 1886 are given below.

## Serial Stories.

A CAPITAL SERIAL FOR BOYS, by  
IRON TRIALS, a Thrilling Story, by  
AN ANONYMOUS LETTER, by  
QUEER NEIGHBORS, by  
AWAY DOWN IN POOR VALLEY, by

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.  
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## Illustrated Sketches.

YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, by  
AMONG CANNIBALS, by  
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS BISMARCK, by  
LORD TENNYSON AMONG HIS FAMILIARS, by  
FIGHTING THE ARCTIC COLD, by  
AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WILD WEST, by  
LIFE IN TURKEY, by the U. S. Minister to Turkey,  
TRICKS OF MAGIC AND CONJURING EXPLAINED, by

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JOSEPH HATTON.  
MRS. E. M. AMES.  
BRAM STOKER.  
Lieut. SCHWATKA.  
J. L. HARBOUR.  
Hon. S. S. COX.  
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## Special Articles.

DRAMATIC EPISODES in English History, by  
CHANCES FOR AMERICAN BOYS, by  
GLIMPSES OF ROUMANIA, by  
A MUSIC LESSON, by the Famous Singer,  
OBSCURE HEROES, by  
THE VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES, by  
THE SPEED OF METEORS, by  
OUR FUTURE SHOWN BY THE CENSUS, by  
ADVICE TO YOUNG SINGERS, by

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.  
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.  
THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.  
CHRISTINE NILSSON.  
CANON FARRAR.  
WILKIE COLLINS.  
RICHARD A. PROCTOR.  
FRANCIS A. WALKER.  
CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

Advice to a Boy  
Entering College,  
Four Papers, by

President C. W. ELIOT, of Harvard University.  
President NOAH PORTER, of Yale College.  
President F. A. P. BARNARD, of Columbia College.  
Professor MOSES COIT TYLER, of Cornell College.

## Practical Articles.

Home-Seeking in the West—Homestead-  
ing—How Land is Pre-empted—Farm-  
ing and Irrigation—How to Secure  
Land by Tree Culture, by E. V. Smalley.  
Fabric Painting in Oils, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson.  
Simple Truths About American Dentis-  
try—Hints on the Care of the Teeth, by  
Dr. David M. Parker.

Carp Culture, by Ernest Ingersoll.  
How to Dress—To Young Men, by Alfred Ayers.  
Four Ways of Reading, by Kate Sanborn.  
How to Write Letters, by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie.  
Short-Hand as a Profession, Herbert W. Gleason.  
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Rock of Ages,

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The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

\*Hannah Jane.

\*Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

\*The Vagabonds,  
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

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Abide With Me.

Home, Sweet Home.

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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?—The opening of another season brings to the front the much-vexing question of WHAT TO WEAR. In answering this, we cannot do better than call attention to the ever-popular Arcadia Velveteen and Woven Broché, which proved so satisfactory last season, and which, with its new patterns and varieties, will, without doubt, take the lead this season. Experience proves this to be both one of the most dressy as well as economical articles of dress goods.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK says:

To imitate a Genoa silk velvet so closely that only an expert can detect the difference is rather difficult. The Arcadia Velveteen does this, however. Besides, its durability and stylish appearance have made it a great favorite with ladies. The Woven Broché, combined with old material, is very effective in brightening up a costume. For these advantages, and for its rich coloring and variety of shades, we must place the Arcadia above all other velveteens. These velveteens are also useful for children's costumes, as they stand any amount of hard wear and rough usage.



WINTER FASHIONS.

The Arcadia Velveteens are now all the rage for ladies' Tailor-made suits and jackets. Their great popularity over all other goods for ladies' Tailor-made suits is that they combine, in a greater degree than any others, the following qualifications, which are an absolute necessity in all goods that are applied to the use of ladies for winter dresses. First, *Warmth*—the texture being very fine and closely woven. Second, *Strength*—the durability of the fabric being superior to any other known make of velveteen. Third, *Appearance*—the finish of these goods being so superior that it requires an expert to detect them from Genoa silk velvet.



LOOKS  
LIKE  
SILK  
VELVET.



VELVETEEN

VELVETEEN



COSTS  
ONE  
THIRD  
AS MUCH.



REMEMBER.

For the  
protection of  
the  
consumer,  
we stamp

**ARCADIA  
VELVETEEN**  
(REGISTERED)

every yard  
with  
this stamp.  
See  
you get it.

Sold by all First-Class Dry-Goods Dealers.

Manufacturers' Agents, SHAEN & CHRISTIE, 198 & 200 Church St., New York.

Every Article Mentioned in this Advertisement is Warranted, and the Money will be refunded in every case where Perfect Satisfaction is not given.

Read every Word of this Advertisement Carefully.



THE ARTIST CLOCK.

**Style A. Cross.** A beautiful thing, containing 40 minerals and gems; 6 inches long, in handsome box. Price 75 cents.

**Style B. Cross.** Much larger, over 60 minerals and gems, made to hang on wall, finished with copper brass hanger. Price \$1.00.

**Style A.A. an Anchor** 4 inches high. Price \$1.95.

**Style A.B. Anchor with Thermometer**, the emblem of Hope. Price \$2.00.

**Style C. Cross with Thermometer.** Large, showy, contains 60 gems and minerals. The Thermometer is one of Taylor's make, which insures its quality, and we individually guarantee to deliver it safely and in good order. The descriptive catalogue goes with this, as well as all others. Price \$4.40.

**Style D. Thermometer**, 2 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 wide, and surrounded with minerals and gems, in a beautiful box. Price \$1.95.

**Style E. Horseshoe**, the emblem of good luck, covered with minerals, including gold and silver, and trimmed with satin of all shades. State the color you most desire. Handsomely boxed, by mail, upon receipt of 75 cents.

**Style F. Horseshoe**, large and handsome, trimmed and finished similar to style E. Price \$45 cents.

**Style G. Horseshoe**, made the shape of a Norman, finished like style F. Price \$1.00, packed in handsome box.

**Style H. Horseshoe, with Frog**, covered with mineral gems. Sides sanded with gold and silver ore dust. Gouzer finished in satin and handsome embossed flowers. Price \$1.10.

**Style I. Horseshoe.** The shoe is made exactly like style H, embossed with flowers, etc., but hanging from the center is a Grand Army Medal, made of white silver-like metal, engraved with figures to represent Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. Price \$1.50.

**Style J. Match Safe and Thermometer combined.** Represents an artist's palette, is 10 inches high, 6 inches wide. The match holder is made of Italian bronze tin, stands upright, is rich, showy, and a marvel of colors. Price, express paid, \$3.00.

**Style J.** This is an inkstand about 2 1/2 inches square, finished with nickel top. Price \$1.00.

**Style J.J.** Inkstand 2 1/2 inches square. The ink well has an elegant Bohemian cut glass cover, on the inside of which a handsome spray of flowers is painted. Over 100 gems and minerals are on this unique novelty. Price \$1.75.

**HOW TO SEND MONEY.**—All money sent in a registered or **SAFE PREPAID DELIVERY GUARANTEED.**

We guarantee the safe delivery in good condition of all goods that are ordered. We send all goods on the day that we receive the order; if an article is ever lost in the mail, or gets in the least damaged, we will re-order over again at our own expense. We prepay the postage on all the goods, and thus a man in California gets them just as cheap, and at just the same outlay, as a man in Maine.

Address all Orders to **H. H. TAMMEN, Inv. and Sole Mfr. of Am. Mosaic Novelties, Denver, Colorado.**

# X-MAS AMERICAN AND MOSAIC HOLIDAY PRESENTS, NOVELTIES

MADE OF THE  
Precious Minerals and Gems found in the Rocky Mountains.

All Goods delivered Free of Charge to purchaser's residence.

THESE goods being entirely new, and as yet not handled by any dealer, I now, after five years of hard work and study, and a large expenditure of money, have brought them to positive perfection; and for the benefit of my numerous old, and possibly new, customers, will say that my American Mosaic Novelties, which I make into over fifty artistic designs, at all prices, each design, be it what not, contains and shows every color of the rainbow and more. The pieces of precious mineral and gems, as they are artistically set aside by side on each ornament, form an array of splendid beautiful and artistic. And that is not all; science is also brought into use; each piece has a number, the number corresponds with a catalogue which goes with each article, and describes positively each stone or gem, giving not only scientific, but its common name as well, forming an interesting study and curiosity. Each ornament has—even the cheapest—fifty gems on it, and the more costly ones treble that number, and of a fine grade. To describe these goods as they appear is an impossibility. They must be seen; a description cannot do them justice. In conclusion we will say that each article is warranted to be as represented. The clocks, thermometers, plush, silk, satin, felt, nickel, gold and silver trimmings, are of the best that money can buy. For reference I refer you to any bank or merchant in Denver—or any of the mercantile agencies. Hoping that I may receive a trial order, be it ever so small, I am very truly,

H. H. TAMMEN.

**Style DD. Thermometer**, 8 inches long, silver edges, silver plated, finished with bronze hanger. Price \$5.00.

**Style DD. Inkstand and Thermometer**, representing Obelisk, a silver plated 4 inch thermometer, Bohemian cut glass ink well surrounded with the beautiful, rich and rare minerals and gems. It is really an artistic thing. Price \$3.00.

**Style DE. Thermometer and Pincushion.** Thermometer represents Egyptian obelisk, pincushion the base; finished in bright satin. Please state colors desired. Price \$2.50.

**Style EE. Photoframes** for cards, nickel edges, made to stand as an easel. Price \$1.00.

**Fike's Peak Cabinet Frame.** We call your attention to this handsome novelty; we have them in oval and square patterns. They hold large size cabinet photos, each frame having over 100 gems and minerals. Price \$3.50 to \$4.00 each.

**The Little Gem Casket.** This casket is 6 x 4 inches in width and length; the inside is finished in all shades of satin or velvet, ornamented with embossed flowers. It has over 150 gems, etc., on it. Price \$1.00. We make a larger size also, on which we put a rolled gold plate on lid, with any name you may desire. Price \$2.00.

**The Venus Clock** represents a 5 pointed star, about 6 inches high, a clock with beveled and ground glass front, a correct time-piece and made for this purpose. This, as all of our clocks, is made of eazel shape stand, to set on mantel or dresser. Price \$2.00.

**The Castle Clock** represents a house similar to a miner's cabin; a very unique thing. Price \$5.50.

**The Hoof Clock.** This beautiful clock represents a horse hoof shed. The hoof is sanded with gold and silver dust. The shoe is made mosaic like of the different minerals, etc. The clock opens out between the shoe and is surrounded with purple or green spun glass crushed. The effect is brilliant. Price \$6.50.

**The Artist Clock** is an artist's palette 12 x 8 inches, a thermometer and clock combined, surrounded by beautiful gems, etc., finished in Italian bronze. Price \$8.00.

Any one of the above is an entire cabinet in itself, and contains better and a larger variety of Mineral Gems than are found in many so called collections.

Those who purchase our Mosaic novelties will receive articles of sterling worth and merit. Each article is packed in a handsome box.

It is with pleasure we commend the above articles. They are unique and unlike anything offered by others, and, whether purchased as a medium for the study of mineralogy or as cabinet or parlor ornaments, will probably give better satisfaction than any others that can be purchased for an equal amount of money.



# A Splendid Christmas Gift! Ladies Do Your Own Stamping!



With our New **ONE DOLLAR** Outfit

You can **SAVE MONEY** by doing your own Stamping

You can **MAKE MONEY** by doing it for others.

**Good \$5 Stamping Outfit for \$1.00**

**35 Parchment Stamping Patterns** (full size, retail price 10c. each) **\$3.50**  
**20 Initials**, size 1 1/2 in., for Handkerchiefs, etc. **.75**  
**1 Illustrated Book of Instruction** in Kensington Embroidery Work **.10**  
**1 Felt Stamping Pad**, imp. pat. **.15**  
**1 Box best Stamping Powder**, **.15**  
**1 Felt Tidy**, with design stamped all ready to work, with 4 knots of silk and needle **.85**

**Retail Value \$5.00**

**1 vine of Roses**, 3 1/2 in. wide  
**1 little Girl**, 3 in. high  
**1 kitten**, 5 1/2 in. high  
**1 little Butterfly**  
**1 little Bird**  
**1 Bird**, 4 1/2 inches  
**1 design Two Owls on Branch**  
**1 Star and Anchor**  
**1 design of Child's Face**  
**1 Sprig of Daisies**, 4 1/2 in.  
**1 vine of Point Russe Stitches**, 1 1/2 in. wide  
**1 snowflake designs for Crazy Patchwork**  
**1 a rip of Scallop for Skirts, Infant's Blanket & vine with scallop**, 2 1/2 in. wide  
**1 Braiding Vine**, 3 in. wide  
**1 Braiding Vine**, 1 1/2 in. wide  
**1 Design of Crying Child for Tidy in outline**  
**1 outline design, Boy and Girl Skating**, 7 in. high

**1 growing design of Violets, for Lambrequins, etc.**, 6 inches high  
**1 single Daisy and Forget-me-not**, 3 1/2 in.  
**1 sprig of Bachelor's Button**, 2 1/2 in. high  
**1 cluster of Strawberries**, 3 1/2 x 3 in.  
**1 sprig of Forget-me-nots**, 1 1/2 x 3 in.  
**1 bouquet of Daisies and Forget-me-nots**, 5 1/2 in.  
**1 vine of Daisies and Ferns**, 5 1/2 in. wide

Teaches also How to Stamp Plush Felt, &c. Teaches the Kensington, Plush Ribbon and other stitches. Also How to Do KENSINGTON, LUSTRE PAINTING, &c. The patterns contained in this outfit are all useful and desirable for stamping Handkerchiefs, Towel Racks, Lambrequins, Spinnings, etc.

**With the Outfit You Can Learn the Art of the Kensington Embroidery.** You can learn Perforated Stamping, and do your own stamping. You can adorn your house with hundreds of beautiful articles of Kensington Embroidery. You can teach the art of Kensington Embroidery and Stamping, and do embroidery for others. Many young ladies who begin business with our Embroidery Outfit, are now doing a very profitable and paying business. **REMEMBER** the entire Outfit will be sent in a box for only **ONE DOLLAR TWO OUTFITS \$1.75**. **ONLY THREE DOLLARS.** Get three of your friends to send with you and get your own **OUTFIT FREE!** Send Postal Note, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Postage Stamp taken. Send all orders to

**World Man'g Co. 122 Nassau Street, New York**

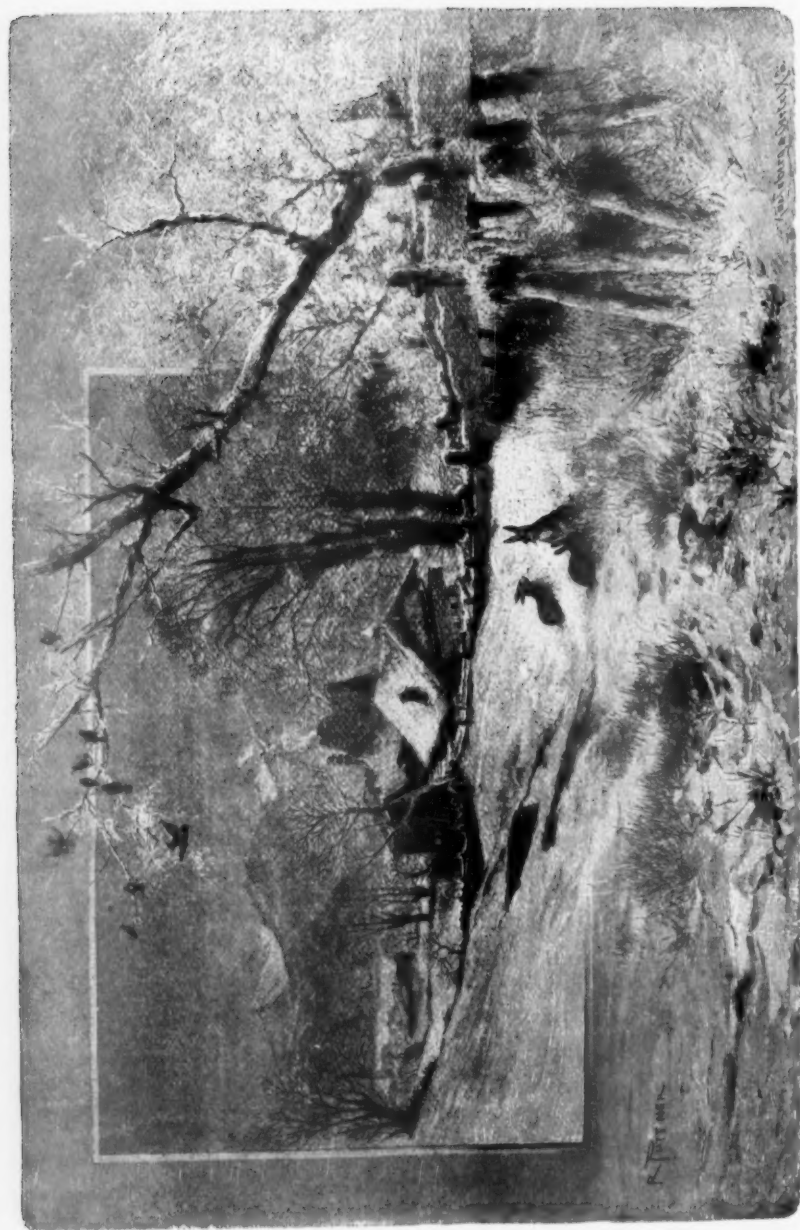
It is seldom that we have an opportunity to direct attention to anything so really worthy of notice as this Complete Stamping Outfit. While the price is almost ridiculously low for the entire outfit, the number, excellence and variety of the articles furnished almost exceeds belief. Even for a family to do its own stamping the outfit would be of great service; but when it is realized, that by means of the instruction, samples and materials that are included as "Outfits," any lady can easily become a proficient in making choice Kensington Lace of most elegant and graceful patterns, and become skilled in executing every description of perforated stamping and thus make a nice addition to her income in a very easy and pleasant way, it would seem that scarcely anyone would neglect taking advantage of so favorable an opportunity. These stamping outfits are particularly appropriate for holiday presents and, in our opinion, well worthy of attentive consideration.



2

3





WINTER.









A CHRISTMAS CAROL.





# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 12.



Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,

## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

**B**LOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly;  
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly!

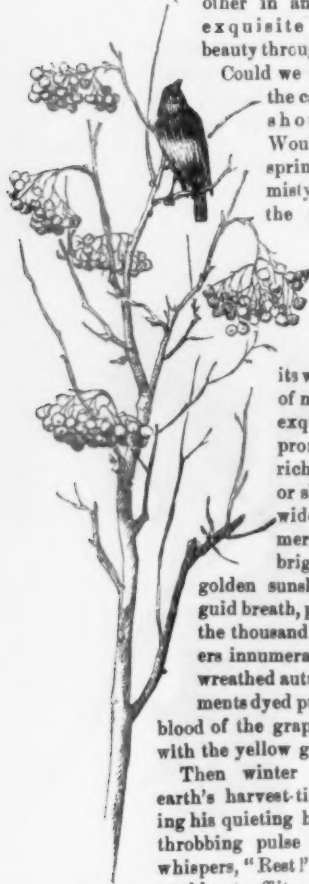
VOL. LIII.—47.

Thy sting is not so sharp  
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.  
(715)

## WINTER.

**T**HERE is no influence that lays more deadening a weight upon the spirit of man than a flat level of sentiment, a monotony of outside surroundings, that by use lose their power of inspiring with any new feeling. It seems as though an all-wise Creator, comprehending fully the creatures of His hand, had recognized this fact in the rolling march of seasons, each following the other in an orderly and exquisite succession of beauty throughout the year.



Could we drop one from the calendar, which should it be? Would it be the spring, with the misty greenness of the young forest, the faint, sweet wood-odors, the fresh, cool breeze that bears upon its wings the songs of many birds, the exquisite, delicate promise of fuller riches to come? or should it be the wide-blown summer, with its long, bright days of golden sunshine, its languid breath, perfumed with the thousand sighs of flowers innumerable? or vine-wreathed autumn, his garments dyed purple with the blood of the grape and fringed with the yellow grain?

Then winter comes after earth's harvest-time, and laying his quieting hand upon the throbbing pulse of Nature, whispers, "Rest!" and the tired world puts off its gorgeous robes, and sinking down to sleep, renews its forces, that it may rise again in its own good time.

The English poet Thomson, in his "Seasons," has caught to perfection this true and beneficent aspect of the season.

"All nature feels the renovating force  
Of winter; only to the thoughtless eye  
Is ruin seen The frost-contracted globe  
Draws in abundant, vegetable soul,  
And gathers vigor for the coming year.

A stronger glow sets on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along  
The purer rivers flow, their sullen depths  
Transparent."

Ah! what a gay monarch is winter, with his many aspects, ushered in by the ringing of tiny bells, the shrill, sweet sound of children's voices, the crisp, clear crackle of frost, the swinging of skaters along the ice, the shouts of the carnival-makers, and the rhythm of Christmas carols.

Our souls stretch forth their shadowy arms and shout in virile glee:

"Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,

Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,  
Pour forth thy vials, like streams from airy fountains,

Draughts of life to me.

"Clear wind, cold wind, like a northern giant,  
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,  
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant,  
Lo! I meet thee there.

"Wild wind, bold wind, like a strong-armed angel,  
Clasp me round—kiss me with thy kiss divine,  
Breathe in my dull heart thy secret, sweet evangel,  
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Who would dispense with the cold and storms of winter when offered a compensation in such a morning as this, of which Ambrose Phillips draws a picture?

" \* \* \* Every shrub and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass,  
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
The thick-sprung reeds which watery marshes yield  
Seem polished lances in a hostile field.  
The stag in limpid currents with surprise  
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise;  
The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine,  
Glazed over in the freezing ether shine.  
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun."

There is a strong contradiction in the moods of this icy king. At one time sweeping the earth with the broom of his storms, shouting in his strength and power, bending all nature to his will, and again, as though delighting in his omnipotence, suddenly stilling the voice of the wind and waters, and casting his fetters over the fury that he had evoked. The following lines of the gifted, unhappy Shelley fit well these rioting, masterful moods of the great Storm-King:

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The lightnings are glancing,  
The hoar-spray is dancing  
Alway!

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The thunder is tolling,  
The forest is swinging,  
Come away!  
The earth is like ocean,  
Wreck-strewn and in motion,  
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The well-curb had a Chinese roof,  
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All in nature, save man, succumbs to the reign of winter, but he, drawing closer to his fireside, works more for his kind; and humanity, through all the frosts and snows of winter, advances more rapidly and surely in the march of progress than during the enervating heats of summer. The three workers in the garden of the world—spring,



"A UNIVERSE OF SKY AND SNOW."

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And what a magician is the old monarch, for our own poet, Whittier, tells us in his "Snow-bound:"

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A smooth, white mound the brush-pile showed,  
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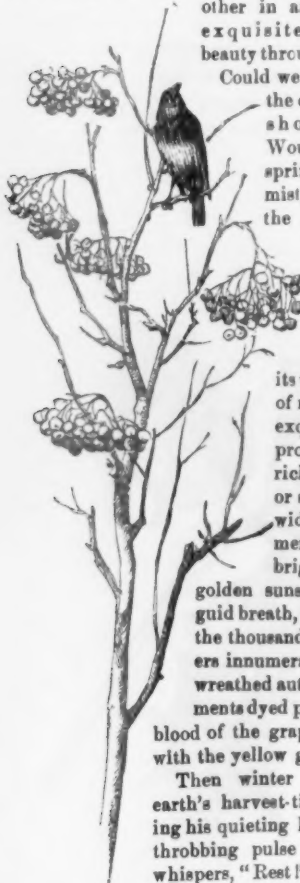
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Throws up a stormy column, the cups,  
Which cheer but not inebriate, wait on each.  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Again there comes to mind so persistently the delightfully contrasted exterior and interior of Whittier's "Snow-bound," that the temptation to give it is irresistible. After all, who among poets has reached after and found so truly the secret of

Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world, for such a night,  
Most fitting that unwarning light,  
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,  
To make the coldness visible."

We can catch the crisp crunch of the snow under our feet and smell the peculiar freshness of the frosty air, and we turn, with a thrill of shivering delight, to the glowing hearth,

"While the red logs before us  
beat  
The frost-lines back with tropic  
heat.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The house dog on his paws  
outspread,  
Laid to the fire his drowsy  
head;  
The cat's dark silhouette on  
the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to  
fall;  
And, for the winter's fire-side  
mete,  
Between the andirons strad-  
dling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered  
slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And close at hand the basket  
stood,  
With nuts from brown Octo-  
ber's woods."

"The snow! the snow!"  
shout the children's voices;  
"The snow! the snow!" sing  
the young men and maidens,  
and the whole world is alive  
with the snow-shoeing and  
tobogganing of Canada, the  
sledging of the north coun-  
tries, the skating and coast-  
ing of the central belt, and  
the grotesque merrymaking  
of the southern carnivals,  
while over all the land



"A FENCELESS DRIFT WHAT ONCE WAS ROAD."

the winter as he? What more exquisite picture of a winter night, when

"The snows  
Are sparkling to the morn,"

can possibly be imagined than the following?

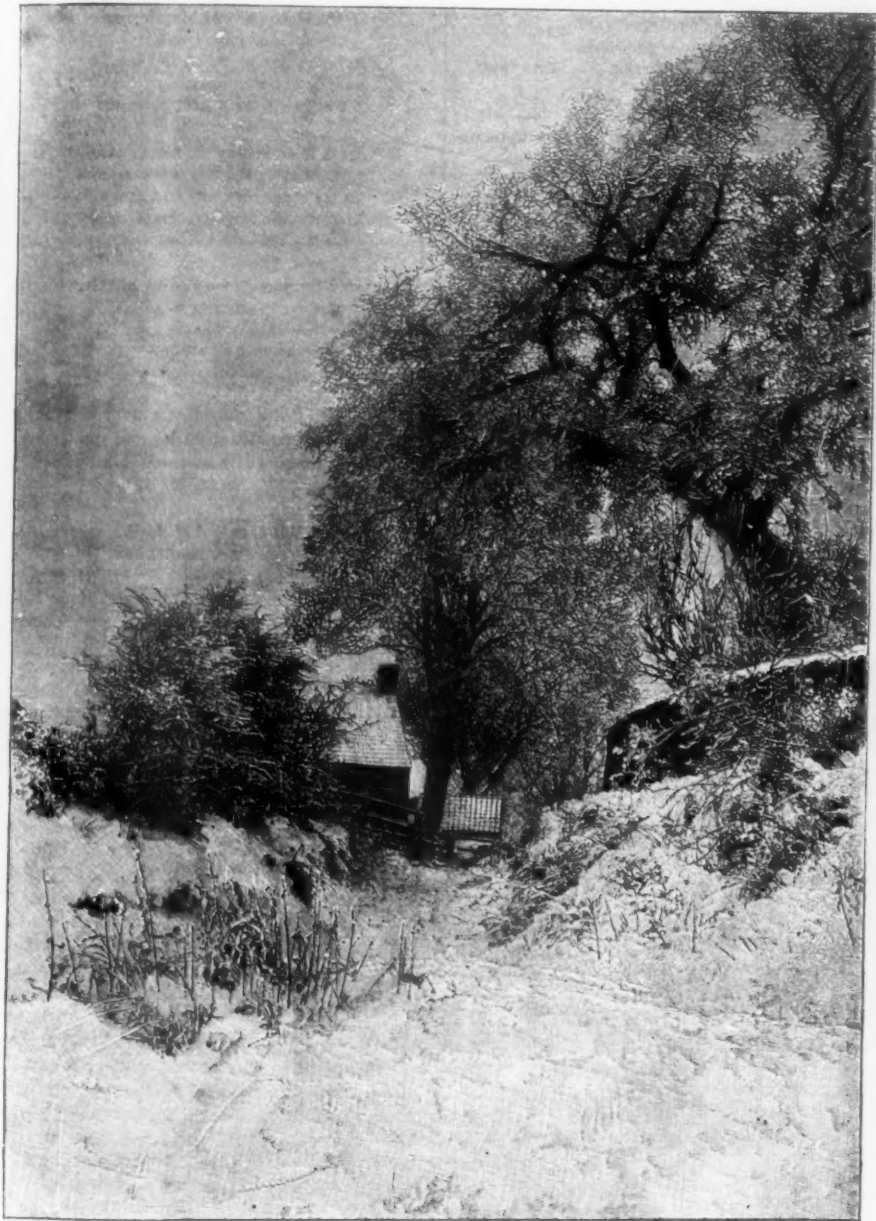
"The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen—  
Dead white, save where some deep ravine  
Took shadow at the sombre green

sounds the voice of the Christmas carols, ascend-  
ing, like a cloud of sweet incense, to the frosty  
heavens.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky  
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.  
Come see the north wind's masonry.

Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with pile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastion with projected roof

For number or proportion. Mockingly  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;



"AND VEILS THE FARM-HOUSE AT THE GARDEN'S END."

Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;  
Speeding, the myriad handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he

Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sights; and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered and the world  
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structure, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

But not amid the haunts of men does winter  
rear his throne; far up among the eternal moun-  
tains does it stand until the world dissolves—

"Before me rise the domes and pinnacles  
Of Nature's temples to the God of Nature  
From His own hands, all shining stainless white,  
So as no art on earth could whiten them;  
No sound is there, save of the lighting snow  
And driving wind and avalanche. No wing  
Of bird can scale those inaccessible heights  
Or beat in that thin air. Man plants no footsteps  
Upon those trackless wastes; claims no dominion  
O'er these wild bounds. Here his pretensions stop."

—NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

Fit throne, indeed, for the monarch, who to hu-  
manity, as well as nature, is the symbol of death,  
and brighten it as we may, there runs a vein of  
tender sadness through the thought of the  
flight of the swallow and the fall of the first  
snowflake. This plaintive sentiment is most

poetically and touchingly set forth by the Ger-  
man, Franz Dingelstedt, in his "Foreboding of  
Winter:"

"On the clouds behold him riding,  
Black, tempestuous, and rude,  
Hear the sighing beech and oak,  
As they groan beneath his yoke,  
Wailing in the trembling wood.

"Earth is decked by the last flower,  
Warmed by the last sunbeam mild,  
On the vine-tree's withered shape  
Trembles the forgotten grape,  
Swiftly rush the billows wild.

"Sing the parting song, sing quickly,  
E'er our life forever flee,  
E'er in twilight's sombre gray  
Winter snatches all away—  
Flowers, autumn, songs, and me."

But, as the white snow drifts over our green  
mounds its soft mantle of purity and spotlessness,  
the thought remains with us through all our pain-  
ful sense of loss,

"That life is ever lord of death,  
But love can never lose its own."

H. S. A.



"BETWEEN THE ANDIRONS STRADDLING FEET."

## THE PETS OF NOTED PERSONS.

WE know of no more delightful trait of human nature than that which prompts it to make associates and friends of the lower animals. Even the worst men cannot be wholly base when they have a warm side for some pet creature, and the rudest boor who cherishes a love for his dog may be grander, nobler, than his patrician neighbor who disdains all such friendships. We cannot but feel a certain respect for the worthless Roman Emperor Honorius when we learn that he could shed tears at the loss of a favorite hen, and the cold, cynical, selfish Richelieu must have had more soul than he is generally credited with, or he would not have taken the pleasure that he did with his collection of fine cats.

A volume might be written of famous people and their pets, and it would be interesting reading. How many books of biography have scattered along their pages these tender remembrances of an attachment to some dumb animal, from *Boswell's Johnson* and *Cowper's Letters* down to one of the latest works of the kind, the *Life and Correspondence of Charles Kingsley*. Johnson's cat, "Hodge," that he used to go out and buy oysters for, "lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature;" and Cowper's hares, that used to amuse him in his dull, weary hours at Olney, are as well known as the two men themselves.

Charles Kingsley seems to have loved every living creature around him and taught his children to respect even the most loathsome insects. There is a story told of the astonishment of his guests one morning at breakfast, when the rector's little girl ran up to the open window of the dining-room holding a long, repulsive-looking worm in her hand. "O papa! look at this delightful worm!" Mrs. Kingsley tells how a family of running toads lived on year after year in the same hole in a green bank at Eversley, and the scythe was never allowed to approach their retreat.

He petted the white stable cat and the black house cat, and sat up with a sick dog during the last two nights of its suffering life, and was followed wherever he went about the parish by his wise, faithful little Dandy Dinmont, whose intelligent face was always to be seen at the lectures and school-lessons, and was known to every cottager, and almost as much respected by them as by the loving Kingsley children, whose attached friend this loyal dog was for thirteen years.

Dogs, perhaps, have been pets with a greater number of famous persons than any other animals. No one can forget Sir Walter Scott's grand old Scotch hound, Maida, his companion for many years, and whose grave is near the gate of Abbotsford, with the monument and inscription he designed for her. The author of *Waverley* loved dogs,

and was always attended, out of doors or in, by several of these canine pets; and he even had a privileged place for them in his study, leaving one of the windows open in all weathers, so that his two pet greyhounds, Percy and Douglas, might pass in and out when they pleased. Irving, in his racy description of his visit to Abbotsford, says that, as he approached the house, the dogs began a barking, and soon came forth Sir Walter, and "by his side jogged along a large, iron-gray stag-hound of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception." In their subsequent walks together, "every dog in the establishment turned out to attend them."

Noble-hearted, great-souled man! When the days of adversity came upon him, he thought of these faithful dependents, and wrote this way in his diary: "My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the rights of these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog because it has been mine. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them moaning and seeking me everywhere."

Goethe hated dogs; his pet was a live snake, which he kept in a chimney corner—symbolical, perhaps, of his style of philosophy. The companion of Tiberius, the Roman Emperor, was also a snake. Yet the two men were wholly unlike in every particular. Jean Paul Richter's pets were a mouse, a squirrel, and a white spider; queer pets, some of them, but then Jean Paul was a queer genius.

Readers of Dickens will perhaps remember the raven who came and took up his abode at Devonshire Terrace, and whom he decided to introduce into the story of *Barnaby Rudge*. This quaint and irresponsible bird often figures in a ludicrous light in letters to his intimate friends, and on one occasion he writes of him in this way: "The raven, I am sorry to say, has become a maniac. He falls into fits periodically, throws himself wildly on his back, and plucks his own feathers up by the roots," then goes on to assert that he had a medical gentleman of distinction to see him, but concludes it was poison, for a butcher had threatened that "he wasn't a-goin' to have pieces took out of his leg every time he came down the mews at no price, and that if the very doves as came out of the Hark interfered with him, he would have his revenge." In the account of the raven's last sickness, Dickens tells of its incoherent mumblings about the disposition of his little property, "consisting chiefly of half pence" which he had buried in different parts of the garden, after which he exclaimed, "Halloa, old girl!" and died.

H. MARIA GEORGE.





### THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

**W**HY so spotless, Christmas rose?  
Pearly as the winter snows,  
You in bleak December gleam  
Snow-flakes pure your petals seem.

Ask you why my blooms are white?  
Only change your faith to sight,  
Read what every saint believes,  
Written out in floral leaves.

Sprung from harsh and poisonous roots,  
Borne on rank and bitter shoots,  
Yet behold my blossom fair,  
Shining through the wintry air.

Would the thoughtless e'er suppose  
Hellebore was Christmas rose?  
Can the noxious plant afford  
Homage to the Christian's Lord?

Will you learn, then, from a flower?  
Doubt not our Redeemer's power  
From a life, with bitter past,  
Perfect bloom to bring at last.





## A CHRISTMAS ERRAND.

**W**HAT if the skies be drear?  
 What if the wind be chill?  
 There's a spirit reigning everywhere  
 That sings, "On earth, good-will."

So go on thy wintry way  
 With an inward hymn of mirth,  
 For thy errand brings hope and cheer to-day  
 To a sad and hopeless hearth.

### THE ANONYMOUS CLOAK. A CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUM.

THE little mother stood at the door smiling. It was our dear delight, our favorite joke, Lotta's and mine, to try and pass her off for our elder sister. And with her soft, smooth brown hair, her sweet, placid face, she did look young to be the mother of such tall damsels as we.

"Come, girls, can't you leave your work for a moment? A large box has come which claims an owner."

"O madra mia!" (Lotta was rather apt to give us choice selections from her last Italian lesson), "don't ask us to stop, we are so busy, and I am afraid we won't get through by Christmas Eve. You know there is that shawl to be finished for Laura Merriman (she sent us such a pretty thing last year), and I want her present to be done in time; besides, the socks for Emily Carrol's baby would be almost enough to get through with, in themselves. Where is it?" she added, hastily, getting up and surveying the large box our maid-of-all-work held in her hands. "It's a fur cloak, anybody can see at a glance. Of course, it can't be for us. Call the boy back!"

"But he's gone, mem," was Mary's reply. Evidently she was not so anxious to get rid of her prize as Lotta.

That damsel flew to the door with an expression of impatience; but it was too true, the boy was already beyond reach of voice or foot.

"Well, Mary," she continued, "there is no doubt there must be some mistake about it. Who would send us a fur cloak?"

"There is no address on it." My curiosity by this time was sufficiently aroused to induce me to leave my work to get up to examine it. "That is curious. Well, put it behind the door till the boy calls again." So we go back to our tasks.

"Girls," mother says the next morning, "I feel really concerned about that cloak. The boy has not come back, and I am afraid somebody will lose her Christmas present. To-morrow is Christmas Day, you know."

"Well," I say, resignedly, "I'll go and canvass the neighborhood. It's not often a fur cloak has to go begging."

Still the mysterious box occupied its position behind the door. Again the little mother puts in a gentle remonstrance:

"Don't you think," a little doubtfully, "I might go round to the neighbors this afternoon, and see to whom it belongs? My cold is not very bad."

"Oh! no," we cry in chorus. "You must not go out. You must save up for Christmas Day."

"Give me five minutes more to finish this," I say, "and I will see about it."

So presently I don my hat and coat, thinking, meanwhile, that a fur cloak would be a fine addition to my toilette, and sally forth. No, my next-door neighbors expected no cloak; it is not for them. Ditto the friends across the way. I hesitate. Shall I go to the new people upon whom we have not yet called? But the case seems desperate. Will nobody claim that cloak? So I mount the steps and ring the bell, telling my tale to the young lady of the house, who by accident came to the door. I see a faint hope of possession flit over her countenance. Perhaps her father, unknown to the family, has bought one of them a fur-lined circular? But she returns crestfallen when she goes to consult him. She politely hopes I may find the owner, which I echo, and bid her adieu. "No use, mammy," I say, when I return; "it's nobody's fur cloak."

So we work on with our various little gifts, and having at last dispatched them, settle down to our Christmas Eve festivities—hang up our wreaths of holly, spread out our presents to each other and from outside friends, call in from the kitchen our Irish maid Mary to enjoy our pretty things, and unitedly consume sugar plums and crullers.

"I've a great mind to look at that cloak," says Lotta, just before retiring.

"Oh! but you'll get it out of the folds," I protest; "and I won't help you put it up again," I add further, still hoping to dissuade her, but in vain.

"Mother will; won't you, dear little woman?" and the mysterious box is opened to view. Two neatly folded circulars are displayed. A faint suspicion of the delightful truth begins to dawn upon me. "Oh! there are two!" cries Lotta, enchanted, and quickly lifts them out.

A paper is pinned to each—"Miss Lotta Holbrooke, with a merry Christmas," "Miss Emily Holbrooke, with a merry Christmas." Our surprise is complete.

"Who do you think sent them?" I query—"Carl?" doubtfully. Carl who some time ago found out Lotta's sweetness and is bravely working his way toward "love in a cottage."

"Carl!" echoes Lotta, reproachfully, "why, he couldn't, though, bless his heart, I know he would if he could. But just think, Emily, it would take ever so much of his salary."

"Yes, I know," I answer, relinquishing the improbable theory.

"It looks like Carrie Seale's writing," Lotta says, examining the labels; and she runs up-stairs to get a note to compare them with.

"I don't think it is Carrie Seale," says the little mother, decidedly.

"Nor I, either. Carrie could do it, but would she?"

"Oh! I feel so proud to know that anybody thought enough of me to give me such an elegant

present. I never had anything so handsome in my life!" and Lotta puts on her cloak and struts about in it. "Yes, I'm sure it's Carrie's writing," comparing it. "What a love of a girl!"

I still doubt, but the evidence seems against me.

The next day we put on our new cloaks and felt very grand in them, and the day after I meet our new doctor's wife and tell her about it, and rush up to our new neighbors, saying, excitedly: "It was our cloak!" They listen politely, but uncomprehendingly, the episode of the cloak having passed from their minds.

Meanwhile, Lotta, who had encountered Carrie Seale, has fallen upon her in raptures of gratitude, only to discover we were indebted to her for Christmas cards solely. It was a little awkward for Carrie and Lotta both.

Who sent the cloaks is still a mystery; but the doctor's wife remarked that those Holbrooke girls were always doing something for somebody else and not thinking of themselves, and deserved something handsome. For which nice speech, though I did not think we altogether deserved it, I felt very grateful, and since then I've wondered if she sent the cloaks. Do you think she did?

LEIGH NORTH.

### COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE history of Cologne Cathedral begins in 312 A. D., when the Emperor Constantine placed all Christian communities under protection. Maternius was then Bishop of Cologne, and he began the building of a cathedral, which existed until the ninth century. Archbishop Hildebold then made an effort to collect funds for the erection of a new edifice; in this he was assisted by the Emperor Charlemagne, who left him a large legacy for the purpose. Hildebold's plans, however, for the improvement of the old cathedral, or the creation of the new, were on so ambitious a scale that, although the work was begun in 814, it was not finished until 873. Then the grand structure, whose progress toward completion had been interrupted so often by delays, principally caused by the onslaughts of the Normans, was solemnly consecrated in the presence of the neighboring bishops.

The city and Cathedral of Cologne rapidly grew in importance, and constantly received gifts and visits from all the emperors and princes of Christendom. It was at length believed that the remains of the three magi rested beneath the sublime temple. But as time went on the Cathedral became more and more dilapidated, even though constantly increasing in veneration. In the thirteenth century Archbishop Engelbert, Count of Altena and Berg, suggested the idea of erecting upon the same sacred spot a still grander cathed-

ral. This idea found many supporters—but the enterprise was suddenly checked by the assassination of the Archbishop in 1225. Nothing was done until 1248, when the second Cathedral was destroyed by fire. But Conrad, the Archbishop of Cologne, had already engaged the architect Gerhard to draw the plans for the new edifice, which was to surpass all others in the world.

The story of Gerhard is legendary as well as historical. There are a few documents which show that he was actively engaged in public works at this time, but whether he was the author of the great design, or planned it in conjunction with others, is not positively known. But Gerhard is an important figure in the traditions of the Rhine. It is said that he was invited by the Archbishop to enter upon the vast enterprise, and he agreed to send in his plans at a given date. He immediately shut himself up and devoted himself to his task. Plan after plan was drawn up and rejected. He could create nothing which at all approached his ideal—but the day appointed by the Archbishop was drawing nearer and nearer. Rendered almost frantic by his repeated disappointments, Gerhard on the eve of the appointed day rushed out of his house into the forest, where he was overtaken by a storm, in the midst of which appeared to him the devil himself. This being approached him, pressed upon him a glass of wine, and at the same time unfolded a plan for the grandest cathedral in the world, offering to give it to the architect in exchange for his soul. Gerhard was persuaded to sign the contract with his blood, and the next day appeared before the Archbishop in triumph. The work progressed, and at length a plate bearing Gerhard's name was affixed to one of the Cathedral walls. In the meantime, Gerhard, suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience, made a full confession to the Archbishop, who told him that he could frustrate the designs of the evil one by doing penance for the rest of his life. This he did. On the day of his death, the plate bearing Gerhard's name suddenly disappeared from the wall, and the devil, enraged at losing his prey, resolved that the Cathedral should never be completed.

Another and a better known story is that the devil offered Gerhard a perfect plan, provided that the first living being crossing the threshold of the completed door should become the fiend's prey. Gerhard agreed to this, and as soon as the entrance was ready, drove through it a cat. The devil waiting behind a projection, seized the creature—but finding that it was not human, vented his rage by pronouncing a curse upon the building, declaring that it should never be finished.

The first stone of the present Cathedral was laid August 14th, 1248. The ceremony was grand and imposing. Among those present were the Emperor William, the Duke of Brabant,

the Duke of Limbourg, and the Count of Berg. The edifice was consecrated to the

century that decisive steps were taken toward its completion. In 1842 extensive repairs were in-

augurated. Forty years thereafter it was customary to speak of a great unfinished building towering toward the skies, but crumbling away at the base. In 1883, however, all the decayed portions were restored, and the Cathedral pronounced finished, having literally occupied during the process of erection a period of nearly sixteen hundred years.

The Cathedral may be described as in the form of a cross, with a length of four hundred and eighty feet, a breadth of two hundred and eighty-two feet. The height of the central aisle is one hundred and fifty-four feet; that of each of the towers five hundred feet. The heaviest of the six bells weighs eleven tons. In the choir the heart of Marie de Medici is buried; and in the adjoining side chapel are monuments of the founder and other Archbishops of Cologne, and the shrine of the three kings, which is adorned with gold and precious stones. The apsidal termination of the east end is usual, but not universal, though it is to be noted that German spires are very rarely sur-



Trinity, the Holy Virgin, the Three Magi, and St. Peter. Money for continuing the

work was freely subscribed from many countries; but the quarrels of the Bishops and the Burgomasters, war, the plague, the Reformation, and other causes, tended to confirm the superstitious belief that the structure would never be completed. Progress was made, however, for we are told that when Petrarch visited Cologne, he wrote to his friend, Giovanni Colonna:

"I have seen in this city the finest temple, although it is not finished; they call it with good reason, the superb."

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth



rounded by aisles and chapels. Cologne Cathedral, which is the grandest exception to the rule, was notoriously inspired by, and, in a manner copied from, St. Godehard at Hildesheim. H.



## TO A REDBREAST

TREAD lightly here, for here 'tis said  
 When piping winds are hushed around,  
 A small note wakes from underground,  
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.  
 No more in lone and leafless groves  
 With ruffled wings and faded breast  
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves;  
 Gone to the world where birds are blest,  
 Where never cat glides o'er the green,  
 Or schoolboy's giant form is seen,  
 But love and gay and smiling spring  
 Inspire their little souls to sing.

RODGERS.





## MR. BRUYER.

MARIE MIEL was very popular at Nineveh. I must stop here to say that why the place was called Nineveh no one knew. Miss Miel had indeed suggested that it might be because it was not in Assyria and in no way resembled the ancient city of the same name; but such argument was too playful for the grave-minded villagers; they stared at her blankly and did not encourage her to guess again, so she had to wonder without assistance and without success.

When she had engaged her spacious, cool, summery room at the Widow Bruyer's, she had not thought of staying over two months, yet when the roses were past she looked forward to the golden-rod and then said she really must wait for the autumn leaves, and now it was November. She had had a pretty rug put on the floor of her room, had sent to the city for furniture, books, and curtains, and talked no more of going away. She had no relations to consult, was possessor of ample means, and there was no reason why she should not follow her caprice when it led her to dwell at Nineveh.

This was great glory for Mrs. Bruyer. No one else in that neighborhood who took "transients" and "summers" had had one stay as a "permanent." But besides the welcome profit accruing, the good woman was glad of the company, and Marie Miel was handy about the house as well as bright and cheerful. Many a dainty dish she concocted out of materials that the widow had been wont to despise. She taught her the difference between a coarse stew and a refined ragout; initiated her into cunning arts and devices concerning *sauces piquantes*, which made even the odious "boiled dinners" appetizing things of joy. She was good-natured, sympathetic, always ready to lend a willing hand, and withal she was pretty, graceful, dainty, and fresh as a rose.

As I said before, she was very popular at Nineveh. The only person who did not yield to her charm was Harry Bruyer, the widow's only son, and he seemed actually to hate her. When the church organist moved away, and Miss Miel, who was an accomplished musician, offered to supply the place, Mr. Bruyer, who had sung tenor in the choir ever since he had had a tenor, withdrew; said he was tired of it, had a cold, made fifty excuses which no one listened to and no one cared about; for there were other tenors, plenty of them, and one in particular who was eager for the chance to sing to Miss Miel's accompaniment and under her direction.

Miss Miel herself took no notice at all of her landlady's son except when he was really rude; then she managed to set him right by dextrous, worldly wise manoeuvres, and generally brought him to his knees (figuratively, of course) and

wrung an apology from his unwilling lips, which only seemed to make him hate her the more.

"She despises us, studies us, writes articles about us," thought this unhappy young man. "We are nothing to her but so many new characters for her stories and so many picturesque figures for her sketch-book. When she has exhausted this place she will go somewhere else and begin over again," and the idea made him angry.

One day when some city friends of Miss Miel, a young lady and her brother, came out to spend the afternoon and drink tea with her, he studied their attitudes, conversation, and general bearing, and tried to imitate it; but if he had ever read La Fontaine's fable about the donkey who tried to behave like the lap-dog he would have bitterly applied a line of the moral to himself, for truly,

"Jamais un lourdaud quoiqu'il fasse  
Ne saurait passer pour gallant!"

He had never read the fable, never even heard of it; but his miserable failure in passing the tea-cups and Mr. Blake's grace; his blundering attempts at starting topics of conversation, and the other's easy way of tossing about light, amusing trifles, made a contrast that lay heavy on his heart. Yet the gentleman and his sister both seemed to like him, and when they asked Mr. Bruyer to accompany Miss Miel when she went to see them they pressed him to go, too.

"I dare say you are familiar enough with our city," said Miss Blake; "but there is always something new turning up to amuse visitors."

"I have never been in that city—nor in any city," returned Bruyer, bluntly, almost defiantly.

But Miss Blake expressed no surprise.

"Oh! then," she answered, carelessly, "you will be all the more amused. Be sure to come. Good-bye."

Aside to Miss Miel she whispered: "What an Apollo of a man! Tell me, has his remarkable beauty anything to do with your remaining in this wailing waste during our gayest season?"

Miss Miel shrugged her pretty shoulders and did not take the trouble to blush.

"None whatever, *chérie*. He is a rude bear. We detest each other."

Miss Blake looked thoughtful.

"You have a formidable rival yonder, Louis," she remarked as the train moved off.

"Very handsome, taking sort of fellow, certainly," laughed her brother; "too uncultivated, however, to captivate Marie."

"If she should take it into her head to polish him—"

"Ah! then, indeed, I should have cause to fear."

Then they both laughed and forgot all about it in discussing other things.

The next day when Miss Miel, bundled up in

her ulster, went out in the driving snow on some errand of mercy, she met a most dejected and woe-begone man. He came quietly out of the shadow and Miss Miel gave a little cry of surprise and fear.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Bruyer?" she panted. "I

"Mr. Bruyer!"

He took her umbrella and they walked on without a word, when she raised her eyes to his face. Her heart melted as she saw that his cheeks were wet with tears, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Bruyer, I am glad we have met here



"AND HARRY SMILED DOWN ON MISS MIEL."—p. 731.

—I thought it might be a tramp. Oh! I was so frightened."

"Yes," he replied with a scornful smile on his face, "I look like a tramp as much as anything else. Certainly, any vagabond seems as good to you after such men as Mr. Blake. But because we rough countrymen have not such fine ways, you need not despise and ridicule us. You—"

alone, where I can have a little explanation, a little talk with you. Please come with me; I do not mind the storm."

Too miserable to refuse, he silently complied.

"I hope I have never been rude to you," she began, hesitatingly, "as sometimes—pardon me—you have been to me."

"I know I have—"

She stopped him.

"Wait a moment. I want you to listen to me first. Afterward I will hear patiently whatever you please to say to me. When I came here first, Mr. Bruyer, I liked you very much until I discovered your dislike to me, and I even tried to overcome that until I found that it amounted to aversion, almost antipathy. I don't know why, although I have done my best to find out in what respect I offend you. Just now you said something which implies that I look down on you and your friends and amuse myself with you. Surely I have given you no reason to say such a thing of me."

"You can scarcely deny, Miss Miel," he an-

She paused a moment, but there was no reply.

"Again, Mr. Bruyer: you made some comparisons between countrymen and those of the city, to whose ways I have been used. I agree with you that city manners are superior, and I think I can tell you why they are so. Here in your village or town society you all know each other intimately from infancy. You go to school together as little children, associate familiarly in your youth, and you are too well acquainted, or, rather, you think you are, to show each other those delicate and pretty attentions which go for so much in society. The consequence is that a city-bred girl visiting the country often carries off all the village beaux, and the rustic gallants have



"IT HAPPENED TO BE ROMOLA."—p. 732.

answered, stiffly, "that you have been studying the characters in this neighborhood for your literary work; because I read a sketch in a magazine lately, signed with your initials, and I recognized several people—among them old Ely Deane."

"And do you know the reason you recognized him? I have never seen the old man, and my description was taken from yours. I had heard of his quaintness, and asked you some questions about him. From what you told me I wrote my sketch, so if there was ridicule it was yours, not mine."

no success with their own belles before the gentlemanly, deferential homage of the polite stranger."

Miss Miel almost feared she had said too much. She stopped suddenly, and waited for a crushing reply; but none came. Harry Bruyer was silent for awhile and then said, meekly:

"I regret my rudeness, Miss Miel, and I will try to behave myself better. The fact is, my gruffness has come entirely from my feeling of inferiority before you. I am miserably conscious of my failings and I did think you laughed at

me. How can I overcome my awkwardness? Take pity on me and tell me."

Marie Miel could scarce believe her ears. Had the enemy laid down his arms? A wild desire to laugh almost overcame her as a vision of her bear tamed and being led about by a ring in his nose, dancing and otherwise performing to her order, crossed her mind; but she suppressed her mirth and determined to do her best honestly and kindly to aid this young man to the attainment of ease and grace.

"If you would permit me, Mr. Bruyer, I think I could help you a little, only you must not get angry with me when I make suggestions; a man usually hates to be tutored by a woman."

He struggled for an instant between pride and longing; then a memory of Louis Blake's pleasant parting bow and his own shambling salutation determined him to humble himself—anything to feel less hulking and unworthy.

"If you will take so much trouble, Miss Miel, I will willingly become your pupil."

"Very well, then," she said, kindly, as they reached the house; "we are good friends, and it is settled."

"And you think," he said, lingering a moment before opening the door, "that I can yet appear before you—I mean before any lady—as—as Mr. Blake?"

"Can the boy be jealous?" thought Miss Miel, "and is there danger here?" But she dismissed the idea as absurd.

"Mr. Bruyer," she said, earnestly, "don't take Mr. Blake or any other mortal man as a model. There was but one Man who ever lived and was perfect. He is the one model for us all, man and woman, and in all our strivings after beauty and repose we endeavor far-off and feebly to imitate Him. Good manners are only showing ourselves to others at our best, and to do this sincerely we strain to keep truly up to our standard of good. What is ease of demeanor but unselfishness?—forgetting ourselves for the happiness of those around us. Such minor things as the most correct way to enter or leave a room, to bow, to observe table etiquette, all come with the mere knowledge of what to do, when one is willing to follow such observances, which, let me assure you, are all built on good sense and reason. But I repeat that the truest breeding of man and woman is founded on 'good-will toward men!'"

"The first hint you would give me, then, is that I must love my neighbor," and Harry smiled down on Miss Miel as if he rather liked the lesson.

As time went on the young lady really found her task interesting. Mr. Bruyer's surrender was complete, and she had everything her own way. His education was excellent, so far as it went, and under her direction he was taking a course of

English literature, besides lessons in French and music. His mother wondered a little over his frenzy for improvement, but heartily indorsed anything that "kept young men at home."

Harry had a fine voice, a clear, pure tenor, and his ear was good; but, of course, he needed training. Every spare hour now was devoted to vocal exercises, and he promised to do credit to his fair preceptor.

She looked forward to the moment when she might exhibit her success to Dora Blake and hear her comments on the taming; for Miss Blake always inquired after the handsome bear, and threw out many warnings against Bruin's well-known love of sweets.

"Remember, my dear Marie," she wrote, "that he—bruin, I mean—will risk a severe stinging with the hope of possessing the honey. When it comes to that, and he tries for what he is not to have, as you are lovely, be merciful. Don't be too sharp—for my sake; for, indeed, I lost half my heart to your rough brown bear."

Miss Miel answered this nonsense in the same vein. She never dreamed of Harry as a possible lover, and yet, although in former days she had meant to say "Yes" when Louis Blake should ask her to marry him, she found now, when he did ask her, that she must say "No." Sorry for her old friend's disappointment, blaming herself for changeableness, caprice, everything that was fickle and undependable, she still found it useless to reason herself into any other frame. She no longer cared for Louis, except as a dear sister should, and she told him so as kindly as she could. Had Mr. Bruyer anything to do with it? Certainly not. So she said and so she firmly believed; but Dora Blake, on hearing all, looked wise.

It was the day after Mr. Blake's visit—a gray, cold, half-wet afternoon, with high winds driving dead leaves swiftly past, an afternoon to throw any one into the blues over real or imaginary woe. Marie felt restless and dissatisfied. Mr. Bruyer had behaved very frigidly and almost disagreeably after Louis' advent and departure, and had thrown out various inquiring hints about her interview with Mr. Blake which she had not thought it necessary to notice. His manner had turned colder and he had bidden her good-night with scant civility. She had not seen him in the morning nor all day, and, some way, she strangely missed the ringing voice and firm step. A desolate, dead feeling crept through the house, the empty stillness that comes when some dear one has started on a long journey or when the light of a household has flickered out forever. She turned to her desk and tried to write, but she could not collect her thoughts. Rising, she went to the window and looked out on the dreary scene. A man was riding down the avenue. Harry, at



last! Her heart bounded with relief. Yet, no; it was only a boy carrying a yellow envelope, like a telegram. Then Mrs. Bruyer ran out to meet him, and they talked awhile after she had opened and read the message. Then he rode away. A moment after the tea-bell rang.

"What has become of Mr. Bruyer?" asked Marie, as she took her place.

His mother raised her eyes, which were red with weeping, and answered, quietly:

"He left a letter for you, which I was only to give to you in case you asked about him."

"Why, has he gone away? Surely, he would not leave without saying good-bye!"

"Perhaps his letter may explain." Mrs. Bruyer's tone was courteous, but chilly. Few mothers are unselfish enough to feel thoroughly cordial toward the object of a son's infatuation.

The letter, however, explained nothing. There were a few conventional words of thanks for her kindness in directing his efforts toward improvement. He was going away, he said, to be absent perhaps a year, perhaps longer; and he added a few formal words of farewell.

Mrs. Bruyer offered no further information and Miss Miel asked no questions. If her heart felt sick and heavy at the abrupt and unexplained departure of one who had lately been her almost constant companion, who was there to care? certainly not Harry's mother, who evidently held her to blame for his going.

Nineveh continued to shower its attentions on Miss Miel. The church tenor proposed to her twice, and was only waiting a civil word from her to do it for the third time. The rector himself, who had formerly been looked upon as a rigid celibate, showed signs of recanting for her sweet sake, and still her popularity waned not. Maidens, young and old, matrons, staid married men, and gay bachelors united in adoring her, and she was not ungrateful for their favor, only she was growing so tired of it all.

One still day she laid down her book—it happened to be *Romola*—and looked out over the snowy fields. The last sentence she had read rang through and through her head, and she took it to herself: "The wintry days passed for *Romola* as the white ships pass one who is standing lonely on the shore—passing in silence and sameness, and yet each bearing a hidden burden of coming change."

Yes, I have felt it coming, she thought, a longing for the old life. I must leave this quiet spot and go back to the gay world. After all, it suits me best.

Mrs. Bruyer was not surprised at this determination—Marie almost suspected that she was relieved. She had a sister, she said, who would come and stay with her while Harry was away. And so there followed a day or two of packing

up, of sorrowful adieux, and Nineveh was left lamenting. The rector chose a gloomy text for his Sunday's discourse and the choir sang dirge-like selections, and it was long before they forgot their idol. Perhaps, indeed, her influence never wholly passed away; for many an old breach had been bridged over by her sunny tact, many a standing feud had given way before her gentle persuasion, and it is certain that she left the little town in far greater peace than she had found it. Alas! how few there are who pour oil on the waters compared to those who delight in stirring up strife. Would we might all be good!

Five years had passed. Miss Miel had seen the midnight sun in Sweden; had sailed into Norwegian fjords; had pulled the blue bells of Scotland in Caledonian glens and shamrocks by the clear lakes of Erin; and now that she was back in her own land and sitting cozily *vis-a-vis* to Dora Blake, with a gypsy tea table between them, and a rosy glow from a swinging lamp falling over their pretty heads, she declared with a sigh of satisfaction that there was "no place like home."

"That remark is commonplace and not particularly new," she added, laughing; "but indeed, indeed, I am strangely happy to be back again, although"—her face clouded a little—"I have really no home of my own."

"All your own fault, my dear," replied Dora. "You know Louis loved you, and you turned deaf ears to all his charming, and now he is going to marry Kathie Browne. But you have asked after every one except—"

"Except Mr. Bruyer."

"There's nothing bearish about him now but his name. He is handsome, accomplished, and good, and he gives you all the credit for every success of his life. By the way, I wonder if you ever knew that he went off so suddenly because he thought you were engaged to Louis?"

Marie shook her head silently.

"That was the reason. I wrote you that his uncle had left him a fortune," resumed Dora. "Well, the first use he made of it, after fixing things comfortably for his mother, was to enter the Junior class at — College, where he was graduated with no end of honors and perfect showers of bouquets. Then, because of something you once said to him—he has never told me what it was—he began to study theology, and he is to be ordained next week. Going out as a missionary, I believe—Indians, or something like that."

Marie colored with pleasure. "Tell me more," she said eagerly.

"Mr. Bruyer," announced the maid.

"Oh! yes. I forgot to tell you he was coming," said Dora, confusedly. "And I must go and speak to mamma," she added, incoherently, disappearing at one door as he entered at the other.



Miss Miel sprang forward to detain her, but was too late, and narrowly escaped throwing herself into Mr. Bruyer's arms. Her usual calm deserted her as she laid her trembling hand in his, and an awkward, painful silence constrained her, while one bright blush upon another deepened on her cheeks.

Perhaps her confusion lessened his.

"So we meet again," he said, quietly, "and my first words must be an appeal for pardon. I left you abruptly, rudely—"

"Yes," she answered, coldly, withdrawing her hand.

"But it was because I loved you. Do not turn away; I was never presumptuous enough to suppose you could ever care for me. It was 'the desire of the moth for the star.' You need not fear the annoyance of a declaration."

Miss Miel did not look so enchanted at this assurance as he seemed to expect. As the light fell on her face he even fancied he saw tears in her eyes.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly.

"For what, Mr. Bruyer?"

"For—for—I'm sure I don't know. For loving you, I suppose."

She smiled faintly and held out her hand. He drew her nearer to him and looked down into her clear eyes. What he saw there who may ever know? Perhaps a silent answer to his spoken love; for he suddenly folded his arms around her, and she laid her head contentedly upon his heart.

The Nineveh people were not surprised, not they! They always knew it would turn out so.

EDITH KIRKWOOD.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

**O** MOON! from silver tip  
Pouring soft floods of light—  
O happy stars! that swim

On seas of pearl to-night—  
O snows unstained! be still.  
Be still!—with joy be dumb!  
Across your reaches far  
The Christ-child's footfalls come!

Blessed of God! my soul,  
To thee He turns His eyes,  
Mild with celestial love,  
Radiant with Paradise.  
Unhand thyself of self,  
Shriven, with joy be dumb—  
To heal thy pains of sin  
The Christ-child's footfalls come!

MARY M. BOWEN.

If fun is good, truth is better, and love best of all.—THACKERAY.

### A SUMMER IN GREENVILLE.

#### CHAPTER III.

**W**HILE Marguerite was lazily writing this letter, which failed of its destination, a gentleman, evidently a stranger in the locality, was sauntering up the country road, pausing here and there to take a full view of the surrounding hills, and then walking on, absently dashing with his cane at the groups of buttercups and ghosts of dandelions by the wayside.

Farmer Wood, spanning his corn-field with a magic line believed to act as a subtle charm against the encroachments of marauding crows, lingered by the last outpost of his web by the roadside wall to mark, possibly to interview, at all events to salute, the stranger as he came up.

"Good mornin', friend!" was his cordial greeting as the slow pedestrian approached. "Nice mornin'," he pursued, encouraged by the gentleman's polite response and pause of inquiry. "Stranger about here, eh?"

"Yes, stopping for a short time at the hotel below," was the information affably volunteered, and presumed to cover the ground of investigation and research.

"Some travelin' business, eh?" suggested Farmer Wood.

The gentleman smiled equivocally. "Could you direct me to the house of Mr. Wood, a farmer in this vicinity?" he asked.

"Wall, now, I guess I could," said the farmer, thoughtfully stroking his chin. "Life insurance, eh?" he interrogated.

"How?" questioned the stranger, with a puzzled air.

"Agent for somethin' nuther?" queried Farmer Wood, with a sly glance of mischief or malice. "Jest keep right straight on up the hill. Gamble ruff haouse, gate always open, laylocks along the walk, shepherd dog watchin' on the stoop. Good mornin'."

The gentleman, lifting his hat, with a bow of thanks passed on, leaving Mr. Wood chuckling over the chagrin of the "agent" when he found he had missed his game.

"Shep," lying on the front steps, rose with inquiring look as the stranger came up the walk, but evidently satisfied that this was an eligible party, he wagged his tail in token of approval and passport, and waited with an interested air for a response to the gentleman's rap at the half-open door.

"May I inquire if Miss Wood and Miss Milton will receive a visitor this morning?" he said, standing with lifted hat and lowered head before the lovely maid who appeared within in blue gingham apron and shining ripples of hair, slightly dusted with flour, and tossed back from her delicately rose-tinted face.

"Yes—this way, please," she said, bowing him

into the cool parlor with its restful wood tints. "I will speak to the young ladies. Your name, please?"

"Excuse me," said the visitor, passing his card to the girl, at whom he had been unconsciously staring, and whom his eyes still admiringly followed as she vanished from the room.

Sitting down in the cool quiet, he heard through the open doors the little shrieks of surprise and ripple of girlish laughter that followed the announcement of the unexpected visitor; but he did not see Marguerite with unbound hair escaping to her room, slippers in hand, nor could he imagine Miss Lucia in curl papers, rakish sun hat, and soiled cambric, slipping out of the green currant hedge with unfilled pail, to make herself presentable to his critical eye.

"Now who can calculate on the movements of such an erratic terrestrial body as my cousin Fred?" was Marguerite's smiling greeting as she appeared a moment later. "Here I have been all the morning writing you a rapturous letter that I felt might quicken your inclination to come to Greenville for a short sojourn—and lo! you are at the door before I have time to post my interesting communication."

"It was the magic bond of sympathy and good-fellowship between us that brought me, Meg," Fred Bayard answered, laughingly. "But don't forget to give me the letter. Seriously, I am here from selfish motives and business interests. I have orders for work that I can best accomplish at this season in a quiet, rural place like Greenville, so I lost no time in following the clue given by Miss Lucia."

While they were talking over matters of mutual interest with the freedom of life-long friends and associates, Lucia, fresh as the May morning, came in with cordial greeting.

"We are delighted to welcome you," she said, in response to the gentleman's profuse yet subtle compliments, "but I fear you will find the boasted enchantments of the place wanting, now that you see it in reality, and not through the lens of imagination."

"That is hardly possible, Miss Lucia, while I hold in view one point of attraction that must make any place an Eden," Bayard answered, with the significant look which brought a beautiful flush to Lucia's cheeks, and sent her eyelids down with a sudden tremor while she adjusted the May rose in her belt.

It was the manner habitual with the gentleman in addressing his lady friends, but the look which pointed the pretty speech always made it appear that nothing so flattering and of such tender import could be spoken to another woman.

The morning hour passed swiftly in pleasant talk touching brightly on summer plans, which included no end of jolly picnics and excursions to local points of interest; and it was not till the

dinner-horn sounded its mellow call across the fields from the kitchen door that the visitor rose to take his leave.

Madam Wood, who in freshest toilet had come in to pay her respects to the guest, here interposed with a polite and hospitable, "Now, won't you stay and take dinner with us, Mr. ———?" The good lady could never recall names.

"Indeed, dear madam, if it were not a breach of etiquette to venture on such a familiarity at my first visit, I should be delighted to accept your beautifully proffered hospitality," responded Bayard, with a grateful bow and inward longing for an opportunity which might give him a better acquaintance with the girl who had met him at the door.

"Mr. Bayard is very observant of formal laws," remarked Lucia, not venturing to second her mother's invitation, lest there should be some mortifying failure in the cuisine or service on a day when extraordinary guests were not expected.

"I have found no laws prevailing here that were not the outgrowth of kind and sympathetic hearts," suggested Marguerite, with secret desire to show off Caroline.

"Why, then, I have the strongest reasons for accepting your kind invitation, Mrs. Wood, since I desire very much in my sympathetic heart to do so," concluded the visitor, turning to his hostess with assurance and appeal.

"Well, now, do stay. We'll all be glad to have ye," said the matron, hospitably, bustling out to see to proper provisions for the late guest.

"Declare for't," exclaimed Farmer Wood, appearing presently at the parlor door, with the dust of the fields brushed away by Caroline's hands, and his portly figure buttoned in the capacious linen coat which had first impressed Marguerite with her host's large generosity—"declare for't, don't know but I ought to 'pologize for mistakin' ye for an agent o' some sort or nuther," he said, acknowledging his introduction to the stranger (with whom he had already passed field salutations) by a hearty shake of the hand and a genial smile of welcome. "There's so many o' them nice, spruce lookin' chaps round nowadays, a man kind o' has to dodge 'em when he don't want to trade, ye know."

"You are entirely excusable, I'm sure, returned Bayard, sympathetically, and ventured some remark on the season and the progress in farming as a cue to conversation with his host, who immediately led out on politics, with shrewd though unconscious purpose to discover the party of his guest.

In the midst of these political soundings, impeded and assisted by laughing girlish comments, Mistress Wood again appeared, with the announcement that "dinner's all ready, now," and

the company adjourned informally to the large, pleasant living-room, whose presiding genius, introduced to Bayard by Lucia as "My sister Carolyn," turned on him the smiling face which had haunted his thought since it dawned upon his vision and vanished at the door.

It was not manifestly half so evident to the visitor as to the concerned Lucy that certain important formulas were stupidly disregarded, and sundry minor laws of table etiquette grossly violated during the progress of this farm-house dinner. The gentleman apparently regarded the service as beautiful, and between grateful and profound acknowledgments of favor, talked with unusual affability and eloquence, quite satisfying his host of his correct standing on leading questions of the hour, and altogether charming his hostess by his appreciation of culinary triumphs, while showing such utter blindness to chance blunders that she herself was totally unconscious of them.

"But do try to make out a dinner, Mr. ———," she said, when he declined a replenished plate.

"Guess you'll have to take a turn with the corn cultivator to get up an appetite," suggested Farmer Wood, leaning back in his chair to watch admiringly the graceful ease with which Caroline filled the place of the crude waiting-girl, whom Lucy's private instructions had confounded and sent in confusion behind the pantry door.

"Really, considering my own pleasure simply, I could rejoice in an appetite that might never be appeased, so long as it could be pampered with such delicacies served by the lovely goddess of hospitality," Bayard said, bowing low over the hand of Caroline, as she placed before him the dainty dessert under its drifted snow of whipped cream, whose luscious ripple had echoed through Marguerite's morning letter.

Caroline met with cool frankness the admiring eyes suddenly lifted to her face.

"The 'goddess,'" said she, "would be happy to minister to a guest who maintained with her always the open, direct, unflattering address of a man and a brother."

Bayard bowed in silent acceptance of the smiling but significant reproof. Here was a new and curious development in feminine nature, which he was certain would repay study.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THAT Greenville was a spot highly favorable to literary and artistic work was proven, apparently, by the prolonged stay of Fred Bayard, who had sought its retirement from motives of industry, as he frequently declared in accounting to himself for the disposition to linger week after week in such a humdrum place.

Marguerite at Mt. Desert in August, received from Cousin Fred a letter, in which occurred the following paragraph:

"Don't think me ungallant, Meg, dear, if I say I rather enjoy your absence. There is now a possibility that I may exchange a word with Queen Caroline alone, since she has not a faithful maid of honor, like yourself, to advance and stand guard whenever I approach. It was curious how she always contrived to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with me simply by attaching herself to you, whose lover, being absent, could not claim his rightful share of your society. Indeed, I used frequently to long for Hamilton, who would have found a way to withdraw you from constant attendance on Caroline, I am sure. In all our little rural festivities I have been unanimously elected to devote myself to Miss Lucia, not by the young lady alone, but by the whole feminine crowd. Did you never mark, Meg, how obstinately you ladies will insist sometimes on the claims of a certain fair one, and really force a man to dedicate himself to her service, when he is longing for the approving smiles of another, who steadily declines to show him personal favor? I think the worthy Dr. Green has read the case better than any of you, and has suffered from mal-treatment and reversion of Nature's laws as much as your humble servant. It is perfectly clear to his logical mind that 'Lucy' (I like his insistence on the sweet old-fashioned name) is predestined to lighten the toils and share the spoils of his medical career, and with all his admiration of his charming entertainers, it has been rather disheartening to the faithful suitor to find himself so persistently misappropriated on social occasions by two fascinating but frigid young ladies, while his coveted Lucy was given over to the attentions of a rival enjoying the situation not a whit better than the Doctor himself. But now that you and Caroline are no longer in league against us, I am determined to give the officer of viols fair play by a total withdrawal from his field, and if I do not surprise the Queen off guard at an early day, it will not be because I fail to watch my opportunity. Am I not making marvelous progress in the candor that Caroline loves, Cousin Meg? I hardly know myself—"

On the afternoon that Marguerite sat reading this letter, which the sea breeze wrestled to snatch from her hand, the writer was putting in execution his purpose to seek an interview with the perplexing Caroline, whose inaccessibility enhanced her charms for him, and redoubled the ardor of pursuit. Was she aware of this subtle truth? He puzzled himself daily with the effort to solve the question.

On this afternoon as he sat in the rustic studio he had improvised from a wild grapevine arbor among the trees, he saw Miss Lucia whirling along the country road beside the Doctor, in his brand-new phaeton, and losing no moment of the

propitious time, he pinioned his loose manuscripts under a paper-weight, and stepping across the hills appeared presently sauntering up the stone walk between the lilacs leading to the farm-house door.

In the little gray-pillared porch Caroline was sitting with her mother, amusing herself with winding, under the elder lady's direction, the distaff of a small spinning-wheel which had been recovered from the rubbish of the garret, and brought down for ornament in the parlor of a generation that could find no practical use for it.

Bayard, with bared head, bent reverently before this vision of Priscilla, whom, with sudden inspiration, he greeted, like John Alden, with a flower that he stepped swiftly aside to pluck.

"Does it not remind you to say with Priscilla: 'I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning?'" he suggested, gently.

"But it is not a 'Puritan flower,'" Caroline remarked carelessly, leaving the half-blown rose he had pulled from her Giant of Battles to drop on the bench beside her as she adjusted the smoothly wound distaff to its place in the wheel.

"Neither would John Alden have presented Puritan flowers if he had let his own heart speak," returned the gentleman, politely declining the seat vacated by Mistress Wood, and courteously urging her to resume her place while he leaned against the porch pillar beside Caroline's wheel.

But the good lady, with an uneasy consciousness of being *de trop* with the visitor, pressed some excuse for withdrawal, after the fashion of the superfluous American mother, and turned to enter the house.

"Stay, mother," called Caroline, imperatively. "How am I to proceed without your instructions in this little amusement? I am at the most delicate and intricate point in the whole lesson of spinning."

"Well, I guess you can wait," laughed the wise matron without pausing. "I've got to carry father a drink now."

"But stay! I promised father that I would come—" pursued the baffled Caroline, answered only by the retreating steps of the matron, who would not hear.

A blank silence ensued—Caroline sitting flushed and momentarily discomfited before the little wheel—Bayard standing with eager, intent, seeking eyes fixed upon her face.

Then the girl's feet suddenly sprang upon the treadle, and the wheel started with a whirr, and ran at a furious pace.

"I feel like one of the Fates," she said, dipping her fingers in the swinging gourd cup of water that her grandmother had used at the wheel, and beginning to pull unskillfully at the web of flax.

"Pray you do not prove the fatal one of the trio who severs the thread of life," begged Bayard with solemn earnestness.

"Indeed, I seem likely to twist a rope more fatal, perhaps, than the clip of Atropos' scissors," Caroline returned, surveying in amazement the thick cord she had pulled from the flaxen snarl. "Alas, my race is deteriorating. I am less skilled than my grandmother!"

"Put away this nonsense," said Bayard, with a suddenly masterful air, drawing the flaxen tangle from her hands and setting the wheel aside. "Life is too swift to spend in this aimless fashion."

"What are you going to do?" questioned the girl, in dismay, casting about for an excuse to escape.

"Make you a formal offering of my life and love," declared the determined wooer. "Pardon the abruptness of my approach—the rudeness of my siege, Caroline. But I have to seize on my first scant opportunity to make overtures which may seem to you like the bursting of a bomb-shell at your feet. You have hedged yourself about with such impregnable defenses that it is impossible to approach except by storm."

"Why encroach on my defenses and take me at this disadvantage?" demanded Caroline, pale and tremulous, but still antagonistic.

"Because, dear heart, I have sworn to take you in any way I can," answered the lover, kneeling to possess himself of her hand. "Listen. I have no time to elaborate a fitting confession of love, feeling that the customary interruptions may at any moment cut my speech short. Tell me quickly, quickly, Caroline, that my love is not unwelcome to you—that you will grant me the right to prove it by a life-long devotion."

Caroline's face was colorless, and her hand cold and shaking with emotion as she withdrew it from his clasp.

"Do not offer—do not ask me to grant anything!" she said, rising, and with a gesture commanding him to do so.

Bayard bowed. "Heaven forbid that I should urge a suit hateful to you; but I had hoped—with a man's vanity, you will say—that you were not so indifferent to me as you sought to appear. Small as has been the evidence you have given me of personal favor, I have been happy only in seeking you. I have been even so romantic since meeting you as to imagine that it was the hand of Destiny, after all, which guided me to this place, where I had anticipated only the repose and quiet essential to the overwrought brain, with still a labor to perfect—"

Caroline smiled faintly.

"Have you remembered that you cannot trust the fancy of an overworked brain?" she asked. "The heart is striving to restore balance, but it is plain that you are mistaking the object—"

The sound of carriage wheels pausing before the house broke upon this philosophical diagnosis of Mr. Bayard's case, and drew the attention of both in the direction of the threatened interruption.

The Doctor and Lucia, returning from an exasperatingly short drive, were just alighting at the gate.

Bayard's eyes came back swiftly to Caroline's white, set face.

"I cannot linger," he said, "nor can I come again except you bid me."

He reached out his hand—

"Nay," she urged, hospitably, "do not go. Lucia will think it strange. And come as usual. We shall all miss your visits so much."

"The place is intolerable without your love, or the hope of winning it," he returned. "I shall not care to remain another twenty-four hours in Greenville. I will call to-morrow afternoon to say good-bye to all. If then you have the heart to wear a companion to this rose which you have rejected to-day," he added, stooping to pick up the flower she had let fall to the floor, "I shall accept it as a token that I may again speak to you of the love now forbidden."

As the gentleman with parting bow turned and went down the walk he encountered Lucia, with whom he exchanged indifferent greeting, passing on with careless response to her eager "Why such haste, Mr. Bayard?"

"Aha!" said she, springing upon the porch, where Caroline still stood, "so Bayard has gone off in a huff because I rode out with the Doctor, eh? I don't care. It serves him right. I have half made up my mind I like the Doctor best, after all."

"Oh! have you, Lucy?" said Caroline, with suddenly flushing cheeks, as she pushed the little wheel out of the way with a disgusted air.

"Well, he is a wooer who tells what he wants, anyway," returned Lucia with assurance; "still, I haven't made up my mind to refuse Bayard," she added with doubtful inflection, holding her head on one side and carefully balancing her sunshade on the railing of the porch.

Caroline had far more confidence in Lucia's charms than in her own. Was it not apparent that Bayard had offered himself to her in an unguarded moment of chagrin and resentment? She walked away with burning face.

The following day brought the gentleman, as he had promised, to make his adieux to the family, with whom he confessed he had spent many delightful hours during his sojourn in Greenville. But unforeseen occurrences rendered it imperative that he should leave at once, he said—a necessity which he deeply lamented, and which was commented upon with heartfelt regret by the Wood

household, even Caroline referring cordially to pleasures they had shared together before the departure of Marguerite, and tacitly acknowledging the wish that they might share similar enjoyments in the future.

But Bayard's quick eye discovered at a glance the absence of the tell-tale rose he had asked her to wear, nor was there in her manner any indication that she thought of his request or remembered the interview of yesterday. Polite and sweet, but utterly indifferent, was Bayard's bitter inward comment.

But yielding with accustomed gallantry to Lucia's enticements, he lingered, pressed by the invitation of all, at last, to remain to the pretty tea served at Caroline's suggestion, and under her active superintendence, beneath the apple-trees. It was all very charming—the quaint, homely wisdom of Farmer Wood—the lovely hospitality of the watchful house-mother—the winning little affectations and coquetries of Lucia—the cool, sweet graciousness of Caroline, so near and yet so tantalizingly far!

More than ever he felt, as, after lingering good-byes, he hurried to meet the evening train, how tried by all love-tests, the self-poised girl had failed to give him a sign by word or look that he might approach beyond the bounds of the most ordinary friendship.

Dr. Green made his usual evening visit, staying on under some magic spell of enchantment in the little moon-lit porch, when, like Romeo, he doubtless found parting such sweet sorrow that he longed to "say good-night until the morrow."

When Lucy came up-stairs at a rather late hour, she found Caroline sitting absently by the open window, looking out dreamily on the undulating line of sky and hills faintly visible in the dim light.

"Were you waiting to congratulate me on my final engagement to Dr. Green?" Lucia asked, laughing.

Caroline started as though aroused from a troubled sleep.

"O Lucy! do you mean that you will marry the Doctor?" she said, stroking her forehead in a bewildered way.

"Well, he certainly went away satisfied that I meant that," returned the young lady, sitting down to pull the pins from her crown of auburn hair.

"And you love him better than any one in the world?" catechized the roused Caroline.

"Now why would I marry him if I didn't?" queried Lucia, with surprise. "I don't deny that I did fancy myself, at one time, in love with Fred Bayard, but, come to see him every day, you know, I've changed my mind. The Doctor has twice the depth of feeling that Bayard has, and will make a much more devoted and faithful husband, I'm satisfied."



Caroline drew a deep breath. She had been on the point of asking: "Would you have been so confident of this if Bayard had proposed marriage to you?" but she checked a question that went beyond her right of investigation. Lucy had not subjected herself to any such painful analysis; she had settled the matter by concession to the besieging power, after the happy fashion of women who assume a wise choice among suitors who never sued.

Caroline sat still and pondered long after Lucy was lost in peaceful dreams. Had she not, after all, fruitlessly and thanklessly cast her heart under the feet of the easy-going sister, who had prudently saved her own and would never guess the sacrifice heroically, though vainly, made. But there was no help for it now. So decidedly had she, in thought, from the beginning, given Bayard to Lucia, that she had not to herself acknowledged her own preference. To recall him, after she had so peremptorily dismissed him, required an explanation which her sense of honor would not suffer her, for Lucy's sake, to render. And perhaps there was through all, she mused, that hidden supervision of affairs which, over ourselves, rules us to wiser ends than we know. This is the comfort which a woman with instinctive faith in the guidance of invisible powers will find even for the blunders she unwittingly makes, solacing herself with the assurance that "it is all for the best, somehow."

But Caroline, with all her philosophy, could not compose herself to sleep that night, and the creeping, gray dawn found her still by the open window, striving, with a heart unreconciled to the decision which she was endeavoring to foist upon the shoulders of fate and to regard as a mysteriously directed intervention of guardian powers.

Starting up to shake off the weird spell of her night vigils, she wrapped herself in a sombre shawl, and, stealing silently down the stairs, unbolted the door and glided out into the ghostly gray light of the early morning.

As she passed around the house to gain her favorite walk to the hill above, the deep crimson flame of the roses burning through the gloom smote her heart with remembrance of Bayard's slighted request. She paused with tremulous breath. It was too late to wear the rose for his eye, but, with a longing to wear it for his sake, she plucked a mate to the half-blown bud she had rejected and caught it tenderly in the bosom of her dress.

The world, yet unawakened from sleep, seemed strange and unreal to the sense of this early walker, worn with the night's unrest and unaccustomed to the influences of the uncanny hour. The much-frequented path appeared to her an unfamiliar way, and she felt vaguely as if she had

died and entered on the borderland of an unknown world.

Scarcely conscious of her direction, she walked on until, passing the thicket of hill-side pines, she came to the arbor of wild grapevines which Bayard had appropriated as a rural sanctum, and where he had sometimes been honored, before Marguerite's departure, by visits from the trio of girls, who had favored him with refreshing lunches, spiced with free criticisms on the efforts of his genius, lauded and ridiculed in the same breath.

The ground was littered with fragments of paper, pamphlets, blotting-pads, and stumps of drawing-pencils, suggestive of the work pursued there; but such an atmosphere of desolation reigned in the place this morning that Caroline, sinking on the improvised seat beside the rock which had served as a library table, bowed her head on the cold stone in a speechless stupor of weariness and regret.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the birds, which had been faintly twittering here and there, burst into a chorus of joy, ringing, like a strain of triumph, across the wooded hills.

Caroline lifted her head. The gray sky was flushing with the glory of the sunrise, and the still air had quickened and become vitalized with the sounds of awakening life.

A small stone rolling down the hill betrayed the approach of heedless, hurrying feet along the slope above. Caroline stood up, turning her eyes in the direction of the sound, indicating an unlooked-for intrusion at an unusual hour. Was she dreaming? Had Bayard also passed into the gray, chilly atmosphere of this unknown world? She drew her hand slowly across her forehead with returning recollection of the evening that seemed so far away.

"I—I—thought you went away—forever," she said. "I—mean—did you not leave Greenville last night?" she questioned, recovering her self-possession and striving to face composedly the gentleman, as confounded as herself by this unexpected meeting.

"I lingered so long at your door that I missed the train last evening," he explained, advancing. "I had determined to leave at six this morning, and have hurried up here to recover before my departure a forgotten manuscript that I left unfinished in one of the secret compartments of my rock secretary. Was it some witchery of Fate that brought the thing to memory this morning when I awoke and sent me hurrying at break-neck speed to meet a heavenly vision? Caroline—it is the guidance of Providence! You wear the rose that I asked as a token of hope!"

"Well, now," said Benjamin Wood, not at all flattered when Bayard presented himself on the

ensuing evening to ask sanction of the choice of his daughter Caroline, "I had a feelin' when you bid us good-bye las' night that you'd be comin' back pretty quick. I like ye right well, Mr. Bayard, an' I honor your judgment in the s'lection of a wife, but I can't say I care to give up Car'line even to sech a fine gentleman as yourself. It'll go mighty hard to part with the dear girl. She's jest the sun and centre of our house—"

Bayard seized the toil-hardened hand with eloquent effort to express his sympathy.

"But," continued the devoted father, winking hard and drawing himself up with natural repugnance to any display of emotion, "I consider Car'line's happiness before everything else, ye know, an' if it's her choice to go with you I give my consent. Try and make yourself worthy of her, young man. She's a match for any of your grand ladies if she *has* got a blunderin, uncultivated old father, as Lucy says. Well," he added, brightening, "I s'pose we'll be havin' a double weddin' some o' these days—I wish Margret would come back to us an' fetch her young man. Tell her, will ye, that we shall want her and him to 'stand up' at the weddin'?"

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

#### FANCIES ABOUT FLOWERS.

THE reverence for flowers is found in all countries. In Hindu mythology the five flowers of love stand out prominently. Kamadeva is their Cupid, and he is supposed to have tipped each one of his arrows with these flowers. They are the champas, the mango, the bulla, the clearing-nut flower, and the white nagkesur. Still another plant connected with the God of Love here is the screw-pine.

The superstitions regarding plants to-day are very many. Take the mandrake as an example, the most remarkable of them all. The ideas concerning the mandrake differ in different countries; thus in Germany and France it is believed that the mandrake grows only where criminals have been; consequently they are very common about places of execution and spots where murders have been committed. In many old works can be found letters from persons who have used the mandrake and received a change of luck. To-day pieces of mandrake are carried about by the superstitious to prevent them from dreaming.

The number of flowers by which fortunes are told are legion. You remember in *Faust*, "Marguerite" picks the petals from a flower one by one, saying softly, "He loves me, he loves me not," exactly as you see young ladies doing to-day with the daisy and others. This custom and that of cracking flowers can be traced at least to the time of Theocritus.

#### THE LADY JUDITH'S VISION.

IT was a Christmas morning, the bells tolled loud and clear,  
Awake, awake, O sleepers! for Christmas Day is here!

Awake, awake! this morning we bring to you again

This message down from Heaven, *Peace and good-will to men.*

Within her curtained chamber, the Lady Judith heard,

But in her aching bosom no chord responsive stirred;

"Though on the wall before her an ancient picture hung,

In which the infant Jesus to his "blessed mother" clung;

She sees the Son and mother, she hears the joyful bells,

And her heart grows hard and bitter as the tide of memory swells.

"And what to me is Mary's son?" she cries, in anguish wild,

"While on my darling's little grave the winter's snows are piled;

And what to me are Christmas-bells, when I no more may hear

The voice that all my music made, fall on my longing ear?"

Then sudden silence filled the room, a silence so profound,

My lady, awe-struck, raised her head and wondering looked around—

No more four walls confined her gaze; before her, far and wide,

She saw a beauteous valley spread with hills on either side,

Amid the verdant grasses clear streams of water strayed,

And trees, with sweet fruits laden, a pleasant shadow made;

Fair temples crowned the lovely slopes, bright flowers bloomed everywhere,

And birds with brilliant plumage with music filled the air;

But now among the flowers and underneath the trees

And floating in the crystal floods, what is't my lady sees?

Can they be earthly children? or are they angels bright,

Those happy little creatures, all robed in spotless white?

And now the childish voices in sweetest singing blend,

"All hail! all hail!" they joyful cry. "He comes, the children's Friend."

And, walking in the valley, she sees a noble form,  
 The happy children leave their play and round about Him swarm,  
 They clasp His hands, His garments; they cling about His feet,  
 And lift to Him their dewy lips to give Him kisses sweet;  
 But one among their number in silence walked apart,  
 And tears fell slowly from his eyes, and sobs welled from his heart.  
 And the Lady Judith wondered "Why is the child so sad,  
 When all his pretty playmates seem so full of life and glad?"  
 And the Lord Christ, looking tenderly on all the children, smiled  
 As He held His arms extended toward the little grieving child.

And soon the shining golden head is to His bosom prest;  
 Why quivers thus my Lady's heart within her throbbing breast,  
 As thus she murmurs to herself, unheard by all save one,  
 "Ah! my darling mourns his mother in the arms of Mary's son."

But the little one is speaking, and she eager bends to hear,  
 For the rosy lips are pressing close to the Saviour's ear:

"Dear Christ," they trembling whisper, "will you not let me go

To comfort my poor mother, I hear her grieving so?

Oh! let me go and tell her how blest the children be

Who are brought from earth to Heaven, to live and love with Thee."

And she heard the Lord Christ answer, "If you go back again

You must stay the time allotted unto the sons of men,

You must share their bitter sorrows, mayhap their shame and sin,

And pray and weep for Heaven's rest e'er you can enter in"

And sobbing still, the child replied, "My mother loves me so,

I hear her crying day and night. Dear Christ, you'll let me go?"

The Saviour kissed him lovingly, then placed him on the ground,

While all the children, wondering, stood in solemn silence 'round.

"I'll take you to your mother now," He said, and led the way;

The Lady Judith shrieked aloud, "Oh! stay, my darling, stay!

I would not have you back again."—At once my Lady woke,

And now the Christmas-bells again the chamber's stillness broke,

Again four walls confined her gaze, and Mary's pictured face

Looked down with yearning tenderness from its familiar place.

A moment wrapped in thought she lay, then springing from her bed,

"Hail! blessed mother, blessed Son, hail! Christmas morn," she said.

She dressed herself in richest robes, and called her servants all.

"Make haste," she cried; "light glowing fires, and deck the banquet hall.

Go forth, then, bring in children, bring every child you meet;

Search all the city's byways, search every lane and street;

Look for the homeless, friendless, for every little one

Is dear to me for Jesus' sake and for my own dear son,

Who dwells with Him in Heaven and cannot happy be,

Because—O Christ! have pity!—because of sinful me."

Then loudly rang the castle bells, and soon from far and near

The children came, and laughed and sang and shared the Christmas cheer.

That night as on her pillow the Lady Judith lay,

A light shone all around her, like the brightness of the day,

And she saw the happy valley and heard the children sing:

"He comes, He comes, the children's Friend, He comes, our Lord and King,"

And akin to pain the rapture that filled the mother's breast,

As the voice she knew rang sweeter, and for her above the rest;

'Twas the voice of her beloved, and she knew no sorrow now

Weighed on his tender little heart or dimmed his shining brow.

And evermore she walked content along life's thorny road,

With heart upraised in thankfulness to where her child abode,

And evermore on Christmas, when she heard the joy-bells ring,

"All hail," she cried, "our blessed Lord, the children's Friend and King."

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

## BECKY ANN BRIGGS.



THIS Becky Ann was one of the handy sort of elderly unmarried women who are always welcomed heartily when they go visiting among their friends. Such wonderful women do not get much rest

during their visits, nor do they expect it. They like to be useful; they enjoy being busy and bustling around.

So when Becky Ann reached the home of old Deacon Carnahan, over on the poplar hill, no wonder the wife and three daughters of the sandy old church officer met her at the gate with the most buoyant "How-de-do's" and hand-shakes, and took her woolen shawl and brown willow basket and satchel and escorted her into the "big room." Now they all liked her proper well and were glad to see her and hear her, and—we might as well tell the honest truth—they were glad to use her. These handy women are always welcome wherever they go.

Becky Ann stayed two weeks. In that fortnight she accomplished wonders. It is a long story, and, we think, a funny one, of how they visited and commented about this and that and counseled and conferred and talked about their neighbors' affairs and how they divulged secrets, pro and con, just like women will, whether they mean to or not.

The Deacon was in debt for the south meadow, a broad, grassy slope that stretched from the maple-woods away down past the mill to where the brook met Pettingil's-spring Run, and this burden of debt meant not only little economies to the wife, who liked to see her girls look as nice as other girls, but it meant save and scrape and manage and make over and do without, until the burden of debt was worn away.

What a godsend was such a visitor, then, as Becky Ann Briggs.

The four girls slept in rooms joining. People can talk freer in the dark, and so they told Becky Ann all their little troubles and what they most needed and desired, and very likely they enlisted her sympathy. At least, she opened her heart and told them all about when she was a young girl and wanted to marry Josiar Runnels, the doctor's son, and her mother needed her at home to make butter and cheese and broke off the match, and how Josiar went West and was killed by a runaway team, and all she had to remember him by was a little two-bladed penknife that she always

carried with her, a keepsake that "mountains of money wouldn't buy."

One morning after breakfast Dolly happened to look out, and there was Becky Ann examining an old coat that the dog, Laddie, used for a bed on the back porch. She had shaken it well outdoors and was holding it up before her, while Laddie stood shivering and looking on in a disturbed way. She turned the coat and peered at the seams in the back, then the fronts, and the aleeves and the buttonholes, then, giving it another shake out in the air, she smiled and hung it up on a peg, saying to the dog, with an amused laugh: "The poor fellow must have another bed, so he must." Then she washed her hands and went in and took up her work, and, like the judge in *Maud Muller*, she "hummed an old love-tune" in a dazed way, as though her thoughts were busy with something else.

She knew Dolly—the youngest, the sixteen years old pet of the family—was wishing for a new winter wrap. And so the four girls got their heads together and, with Becky Ann Briggs as commander-in-chief, the new wrap came.

The old coat that served the dog for a bed was, in its pristine days, a deep, dark-blue beaver cloth, but the wear of many years had faded it to a dingy, grizzly bluish-brown. Under her directions the coat was ripped apart, shaken, brushed, the stitches and ravelings picked out, the lint in the seams cleaned out, and then it was washed through the washing-machine, time after time, in hot soap-suds until it was thoroughly cleansed. Then a good, strong, black dye was made, after the most approved method, and the cloth, after the mordant, was dyed outdoors in the air in the large copper kettle. While dyeing it was lifted frequently and aired, which insures a good color. It was then dried and afterward washed in clean suds and hung out. Then the irons were heated and the pressing, which is very important, was done while the pieces were about half dry. They were pressed between pieces of black calico so that lint would be avoided and the oldish, worn look that comes from touching the hot iron on the cloth directly, pressed until dry, and then laid smoothly under a big atlas with a heavy weight on top. The dingy old beaver cloth came out new and beautiful and jet black and without spot or wrinkle. It had been a wedding-coat of fine finish, and all the manipulating did not break nor damage the goods, and the gloss of the new material remained. It had been a short dress-coat, and all the possible changes that could be made was to take in seams and fit it to the form of a girl. The sleeves were made smaller, collar and cuffs of black plush added, buttons and buttonholes, and the garment was done. The plush made it appear suitable for early spring and fall wear, but when winter came, fur trimming was

basted on over the plush, down the front, and around it, which gave it the air of a winter garment. The fur had served its time on a silk coat, or dolman, and was as good as new.

This new coat was thick and warm and required no lining. It was the admiration of all the girls, and was, and is yet, a serviceable and comfortable winter wrap.

And then, emboldened by her success, Becky Ann went on with her work.

An old black Thibet shawl that the mice had nibbled hopelessly at one side was dyed over into a newer and better black, and out of this she made a modern cape for the Deacon's family, one of those nice little affairs that are always just the thing in the spring and fall weather and for the occasional chilly summer evenings, and even for a moderate winter day or evening, with a cloth dress and the usual amount of underwear.

The bare cape looked plain enough, but when she took the old guipure lace that had been doing faithful service in the family for many years and made a cascade-fall of it down the back and trimmed it with the beautiful chenille fringe that had lived long and well on the heavy gros-grain silk dress that the Deacon's bride had for second best, why, the pretty wrap was more and finer and grander than any of them had ever dreamed of.

But a winter skirt for Mary, the eldest, was the cutest thing made. She had an old black cloth coat, made of diagonal goods with a raised figure in it. It was cut half-fitting, came to the knees, had pockets set on the outside, as they were made ten years ago. It was trimmed with a band of silk as wide as one's hand, stitched like quilting—collar, cuffs, pockets, and round the bottom. Now Becky Ann squinted at this old, well-kept garment awhile, turning it this way and that, holding it up before her to measure its possibilities, and finally she said:

"Mary, the sculptor saw an angel in the block of marble, but I see nothing in this, only a first-rate, dressy, stylish petticoat."

"Just what I was needing and wishing for," said Mary; "my best dress-up skirt is a farmer's satin, which is growing slinky and has lost its newness, and I was wondering how I could manage."

So the buttons, collar, and sleeves were removed, some shaping made about the upper end, measured just the right length for a skirt, the band made and put on, the button and buttonhole for it, the silk trimming left on, and three hours' work had transformed an old coat into a new and beautiful skirt.

"What about the pockets?" said Dolly, widening her blue eyes.

"Well," said Becky Ann, "their's an old saying, you know, 'Handy as a pocket in a shirt,' but I will change the word to 'skirt.' Now I

always have pockets in my petticoats. They are so useful, more so when one is traveling or visiting or away from home. It is a capital place to carry the money one does not need just then, a good place to keep one's thimble or soiled collars or any little article that is in the way."

Be sure, the row of buttonholes had to remain, but they were caught together, pressed, and left as an ornament down the front of the skirt.

A half-fitting, gray-brown cloth, that had lived out its day of usefulness as a French jacket, with rows of rich, brown shell-buttons, was ripped apart and made over into a real cozy, warm, winter wrap for the little niece, Kitty. The same buttons went with it. The edges were faced with brown silk, to make it appear rich and rare. The silk was a heavy, wide sash ribbon, which had become too short for the growing little maiden.

A brown cashmere shawl of grandma's was made over into a suit, likewise for the little girl. There was plenty of material in it to make a dress and jacket, and it was a sensible way to dispose of the elegant old shawl. It was thick and fine and beautiful, and the shade of brown was rare, with the hint of a lustrous like the fine purple of the untouched cluster of grapes.

When the suit was tried on, Becky Ann turned her head sidewise and said: "If she only had a bonnet to match!"

Forthwith came the box of old headgear out of the closet for inspection. There was a little, tilting, brownish-yellowish, rough-and-ready straw poke bonnet that Dolly had worn two summers before on an excursion trip. It was lined with reddish, winy velvet, and without a bit of changing, only a cord and tassel and a few bands of the dress goods put on it, the cute little poke bonnet fit the head and face and the new suit, and Kitty was dressed up spick-span, new and modern, and delightfully fresh and pretty, from head to foot.

Father Carnahan's extra fine flannel shirts, which had shrunken until they pinched his portly proportions, were ripped and pressed and made into new winter shirts for Kitty and her little brother. How nicely they did all work together! Poor Becky Ann always liked the nice Carnahan dinners, so the mother and one of the girls did the housework and feasted the handy woman and the girls who worked with her. One day they would have a real Yankee boiled dinner of pork and vegetables, not that mused-up, sloppy kind, but each particular kind lifted on a separate plate in a tidy, appetizing manner. Then the next day they would have chicken-pie, with the proper accompaniments; the next a dinner of dainty baked fruit dumplings, and so they managed wisely and well, and made "good time," as the street boys say.

But one day Becky Ann twirled her idle thimble on her finger and said:



"Well, what next? Is my visit over?"

They all laughed in a shamed, pleased way, and with a little hesitancy Dolly said:

"Mother, don't you know you gave Mrs. Parsons your longest hair-switch for a dress that has never been even looked at since the day she sent Rena over with it. If you didn't care particularly about it I could have Miss Becky Ann make me something nice out of it."

The mother was pleased with the pretty hint. The dress was brought forth and shaken out from among the cedar chips and snuff that had preserved it for over three years. And this was the dress—an old-fashioned, carefully-kept one that had belonged to the dead mother-in-law. Becky Ann's eyes fairly snapped with wonder and delight, but for awhile she only said, "Eh-heh! eh-heh!" as she looked it over.

It was a plain dress of five straight, nice widths, plum-colored merino, half wool and half cotton, with the cotton showing all on the wrong side—English merino, it was called, and it was a beautiful piece of goods, with a rich twilly finish that made it appear better and costlier than it really was.

Dolly was a plump, rosy, dimpled girl, and Becky Ann smacked out with a real relish:

"O my! but you'll look tasty, Dolly Carnahan, when I get you dressed up in a stylish Mother Hubbard!"

At this the mother shook her head, and the grown daughters looked sorrowful, and Dolly pinched a yellow leaf off the Madam LeMoine geranium with a sigh.

"Father has views on the Hubbard question," said the mother, slowly.

"Very well, we can meet the Deacon half way," was the cheery answer from the imperturbable Becky Ann as she began measuring from the shoulder-blade down to the top of the girl's gaiter, just as if matters were understood.

"But father won't have it; he don't like sailing, flopping things," insisted the good wife.

"I don't no more than he does, dear old saint, so he is," said Becky Ann as she measured by finger's length the width of the sheeny breadths.

So Miss Briggs had her way, and this is how the dress was made: It has a fitting wrapper back and a Hubbard front; collar and cuffs and yoke of plum-colored velvet, with buttons to match; ribbon of the same shade was inserted in the seams and tied about the waist in front, with a pretty bow and ends.

"How tasty!" Becky Ann said more than a dozen times while she was fitting and clipping here and there, until the new dress was as snug as a glove. The rich color was very becoming to the pink-white face and neck and the golden-brown of Dolly's abundant hair.

"I can wear this for three years yit, can't I, mother?" said the delighted girl, to which Miss Briggs added:

"Yes, and then if I'm about I'll come visit a week and make it over for little Kitty."

"Now comes my turn," said Lucy. "I asked mother this morning if I might not have my old gros grain black made over. I'm so tired of the two wide bias flounces on it. She says I may have grandma's old black silk skirt to work in."

No one objected. The work was forthcoming. The bias flounces remained bias flounces still, but all the silk was turned the other side out because it was fresher and had a better lustre. The flounces were put, with puffed headings and lower shirring, on to a black silesia skirt, and the draping was of the grandma silk, figured, a heavy black with raised Greek border, old-fashioned, but rare and pretty. The basque was all turned and made over new, and was cut shorter than formerly. Clusters of narrow ribbon caught up the folds of the drapery and added the finishing touches to the new and satisfactory garment.

And so Lucy was made glad, and now only the Deacon's wife was left without her share of the visitor's attention. She needed nothing. She said: "It takes so little to do an old woman, and I guess I have everything I need, though I have often wished for something to put on in a hurry when father drives up in the buckboard and invites me, without a minute's warning, to take a ride. A shawl looks bunched and ugly about an old woman's shoulders, and it is so much trouble to go and dress all up with things that correspond, that many a time I say, 'Oh! no, father,' when I do want to go with him powerfully."

"Well," said Becky Ann, "I'm your huckleberry."

And that minute, through some sort of a magical outlook, Becky Briggs saw the need, made so pitifully plain by the poor words of the good woman.

Under her directions Deacon Carnahan hitched up Pomp and Blazer to the double buggy, and they drove down to the store where they were selling at cost, and bought—I don't know how many yards it took, not many, though—some gray-brown, all-wool ladies' cloth for the all-over wrap so much wished for.

It was made a three-fourths fitting ulster, with dolman sleeves, square-cut, large, and set in pretty low down. It covered her dress completely clear down to the bottom; made double-breasted, with two rows of buttons of the same shade of the goods. Had two pockets and an inside breast pocket, a place to carry her purse and her glasses. It had a turn-back collar and fitted up snugly about the neck.

Since then several of the neighbor women have serviceable outer wraps made over the same pat-

tern; any kind or color of cloth will answer the purpose.

Becky Ann would not take a cent of pay when she left, but Christmas-time will find her opening a fat box with her common exclamations of, "Well, I do say!" "I declare for it!" "Bless my heart!" And the Carnahans will always have a coop of fowls fattening, and jars of preserves and pickles and goodies on hand, ready for the advent of their visitor, that "smart Becky Ann."

PIPSEY POTTS.

### A QUAKER ROMANCE.

"DOROTHY, thy father would speak with thee."

"What does he want with me, mother?" asked the fair young girl, turning to the stately Quakeress at her side.

"He will tell thee," was the brief and unsatisfactory reply.

It was sad to see the shrinking in the beautiful eyes—the whole form—of Dorothy Harvey. The look of dread that came to her face was not such as one would wish to see in that of a child going to a father. People said that "the one 'ewe lamb' of Friend Harvey's fold seemed like a changeling." Her small, graceful form and gentle, yielding manner were so unlike those of the tall, dark, angular couple whom she called father and mother.

Leaving her mother in the long, low kitchen, spotless in its cleanliness, even around the table where Elizabeth Harvey kneaded the bread for that day's baking, Dorothy halted upon the cool porch, with its red brick floor, to gain a little time before reaching the keeping room and the awful presence of her father, whose every word and gesture she had unquestioningly obeyed since childhood. It was so fair in the bright sunshine. Near the white fence stood the long bench with its rows of bright milk-pans; near by the white cat with her three little kittens lay sleeping in the warm sunlight; and Jack, the mastiff, her play-fellow and guardian, was stretched on the broad stones leading to the front door, watching the road or lazily snapping at the flies. As far as her eye could reach were fair fields, with their yet ungathered grain gently awaying in the breeze. She could hear the wind gently whispering as it rustled the field of wheat in front of the house, and the tall heads bowing together seemed singing only of peace. All around was "peace," but in this little Quaker heart there was such a beating and throbbing as the maiden had never known in all her life. She feared that she knew what her father was going to say.

"Dorothy, has thee been to thy father?" came in short, quick tones from the window, and start-

ing guiltily, Dorothy hurried to the keeping room.

"Mother says thee would speak to me, father," came in low, half-frightened tones, as she stood like a guilty schoolgirl before the master.

Lowering his paper, Friend Harvey quietly said, "Dorothy, I forbid thee to speak again with Kenneth Lawton," and then resumed his reading. "Why, father?"

Benjamin Harvey dropped the paper and looked at the girl in astonishment. Did he hear aright? Had she asked him why? She would not dare—and again his hand sought the paper.

Dorothy, seeing the movement, put her hand to her trembling throat, and said once more, "Why, father?"

Then Friend Harvey arose, and, looking sternly down from his great height upon the trembling culprit, said, "I have spoken; that is enough for thee."

"But it is not enough, father."

Looking at the girl, the father saw a new light in her face. A steadfast purpose mingled with the inbred awe of years, and while her hand grasped a chair for the support her body so plainly needed, yet her eyes looked firmly in his own as once more she said, "Why, father?"

"I have lived many years, and my will has been thine; let it be so now. I forbid thee to see or speak with Kenneth."

"But I have promised to marry him."

Had an earthquake struck that Quaker homestead the shock could not have been greater to Benjamin Harvey. For the instant, it seemed as though he would strike the girl, but upon second thought said sneeringly: "Go to thy mother, child, and she will set thee a task or give thee a seam; get thy stint finished and then thee may play awhile."

As she stood in the same position, with the same brave look on her face, looking at him unflinchingly, he turned to her again.

"I said nothing about marrying—thou art but a child—but when of a suitable age to marry, thy husband is ready for thee—David, my nephew. I now repeat what I have already said too often, I forbid thee to see or speak with Kenneth Lawton."

Out from the presence of her father went Dorothy, with drooping head and courage all gone. She could struggle no longer against that hard man. Her heart was full, and there was no one to whom she might go and weep. She had never gone even as a child to her mother—a girl's natural helper—for consolation. Her mother had never smoothed her hair while she listened, all attention to childish joys and sorrows, as did the mother of Katie Carrow. Never had Dorothy known the meaning of "mother-love," for it seemed as if Elizabeth Harvey was harsher and sterner than her husband. If Dorothy had a pet

kitten she must hide it in the barn; did her pent up affections overflow toward a lame chicken or motherless lamb, the plaything was killed, and she was checked with, "Thou hast no time for such things. Get thy work well done."

So the years had gone by, and each First-day as she listened to Friend Manners or Friend Hannah Smith speak in the old meeting-house of love so bountiful—yes, even her father and mother as they "faced the meeting," told the brethren gathered there of this wonderful love—she has come to regard it all as something abstract, in which she could have no part. But this last year, a feeling new and strange and delightful had grown in her heart.

Kenneth Lawton, her playfellow at the district school, who had carried her books—and often her shoes, as they ran along the dusty road—Kenneth of late seemed to seek her more and more, and each time a shyness came over her which was far different from that she used to know when she and Kenneth gathered berries by the roadside. One evening after milking time, when she had gone to drive the cows back to the pasture, Kenneth met her at the bars, and then and there he told her how he loved her and would have her for his wife. A great joy filled Dorothy's heart, but she cried out as one in pain: "O Kenneth! we may not. Thou art of the world's people, and my father will never consent." But in the days that followed, as they met at the bars or in the few social gatherings to which Dorothy was permitted to go, a realizing sense of the meaning of love came to the pure heart of Dorothy, and at last she promised Kenneth to be his wife. And now her father had forbidden her to speak with her lover! Who had told him? She could not think. Dorothy had yet to learn much of the world and its ways.

Well, the days went by, as is the fashion with days, and the lovers met only now and then by stealth. Often, weeks at a time, they could only tell each other of their continued love by that never-failing telegraph of love the eyes. Summer had gone and it was autumn; now autumn had passed and winter had come. The fields once filled with grain were white with snow, and a great stillness seemed to have settled down upon the earth. Now and again the stillness was broken by the tinkling of sleigh-bells, as the happy girls and boys, as well as their elders, went skimming over the frozen snow.

Coming home one evening from "the store," Dorothy was overtaken by Kenneth.

"Dorothy, dear," he said, "let me walk with you a little way."

"O Kenneth!" she exclaimed; "some one will see us, and then what will I do?"

"But, Dorothy, I must speak with you, and now is, or may be, my only chance. I have thought so

long of a way out of our difficulties! Day and night I am thinking of some plan that will bring us together. At last I have decided. You are afraid to brave your father, and besides, I have not enough for us to marry on if he were willing. I have decided to 'go West.'"

"O Kenneth!" and Dorothy shrank closer to him. "I shall never see thee again!"

"Would you care very much, Dorothy darling?"

"How can thee ask that, Kenneth? Thee knows that thou art everything to me! Thee knows my love for thee is the one love of my life!"

"Then marry me before I go."

Startled, Dorothy looked at him in alarm at this daring proposal, but as Kenneth went on to tell her of his plan, she listened—hesitated—and consented. Not for some time, but we cannot give all the lover's appeals and his convincing reasonings. Presently Kenneth drew her closely to him, and with a long kiss, turned quickly and was soon lost in the dusk, while Dorothy hurried to her home. But a new light sparkled in her eyes, a new purpose filled her heart and shone in her face.

That evening as she stood with the candle in one hand, while the other rested on the latch of the "stair-door," turning to her parents reading by the lamp, she said, "May I spend a few days with Cousin Comfort? Father is going near tomorrow on his way to mill, and he could take me."

"Well, there is not much doing, and I am willing," said Elizabeth.

"And I," said her father, "I have never praised thee, Dorothy—I do not approve of praise—but thou hast pleased me by thy obedience in regard to Kenneth Lawton. I am willing to take thee to thy Cousin Comfort's."

Dorothy's heart was very heavy at this unexpected and—how well she knew—undeserved praise from her father, and for a long time she lay tossing in her bed divided between her conscience and her love. But love was conqueror.

Next day, Dorothy with her little package of clothes, was warmly tucked in among the straw at the bottom of the home-made sled, which, drawn by the two tall grays, Dan and Charlie, was waiting to "go to mill." All around her were piled the bags of yellow corn to be ground into flour, and when her father came back for the "grist" she must return with him. Dorothy's mind was full of thoughts and misgivings, and it seemed they had hardly started until the horses were drawn up before her Uncle Marston's gate. Before she could loosen herself from the blankets, Cousin Comfort was waiting at the door. She was of the same age as Dorothy, but there all resemblance ended. Plump, rosy-cheeked, and surrounded by

home-love, Comfort feared no one—not even her Uncle Benjamin, whom she greeted warmly, and invited in.

"I cannot to-day," he replied. "I'll stop when I come for Dorothy, on next Seventh-day."

The two girls entered the house, chatting all the time. To Dorothy it seemed as if everything, even the fire, was brighter and warmer than at home. Her Uncle William and Aunt Mary were so genial and cordial it was a pleasure to be there, and try as she might, the contrast between the loving words and looks lavished on Comfort, their one child, and that of her own loveless life, would thrust itself upon her.

The days sped but too quickly, and Sixth-day evening there was to be the weekly debating club. A neighbor's son was to take Comfort, and Kenneth, of whom Dorothy had often spoken in her previous visits, was to take Dorothy in his high back sleigh. The sleighs, with their strong horses, hung with tinkling bells, came jingling to the door; the girls were tucked warmly in, and with a gay "good-night" to William Marston by the gate and his wife Mary, who stood at the door with the flickering candle held high above her head, away they went across the snow.

As the night darkened Kenneth, whose sleigh was first, drove still faster, and soon the others were left far behind. On, on they went, until a small town in a little Welsh settlement among the hills was reached. Here, in front of a modest house on the edge of the village, they stopped, and helping trembling Dorothy out, Kenneth put her arm through his and together they went up the narrow path leading to the humble parsonage. That they were expected was evident, for the door opened immediately and they were shown into a warm room, where Dorothy was introduced to the minister and his wife.

In a few moments Kenneth and Dorothy were made man and wife, and the congratulations of the little pastor and his large wife were all the good wishes they had for the new life upon which they had entered. In after years Dorothy wondered "if she had known" she would have had the courage to go on.

In a few moments they were again in the sleigh, and a short drive brought them back to the school-house and their friends. Light jests from young lips greeted their entrance. They were rallied upon "getting lost" and "fast driving," but not one of the merry boys or girls assembled there dreamed that the solemn marriage service had just been read over the two.

We will not intrude upon the drive home. They had but just entered into this tenderest of all ties to part again. To-morrow Kenneth will set out for the great West, while Dorothy must go back to the home of her youth and now of her unacknowledged wifehood. There she must learn

a woman's inevitable lesson—to wait. With or without patience, she must learn to wait.

Next day Benjamin Harvey came for his daughter, and the monotony of her home life began again to be still harder to bear.

"So Kenneth Lawton has gone West," said Friend Harvey to his wife; "only seeking his level! I knew my estimate of him was right."

"What do you mean, father?" asked Dorothy, resentfully.

Except to look at her warningly there was no reply. He went on speaking to his wife:

"The West is made up of laggards; only one in ten succeeds, and those who are laggards here will be laggards there. I knew my estimate of him was correct."

Then Elizabeth made a few charitable remarks in the same strain, while poor little Dorothy's heart was breaking. She, his wife, might not say anything in his defense—she, who loved him, must be silent for his sake and her own.

Well, days went by, then weeks, and no word from Kenneth. Indeed, she had forbidden him to write, not foreseeing the weary days and nights that were to come. They both knew, in that small town, a letter from a distance, let the post-master be ever so reticent, yet in some peculiar way all the township would know of its coming—and Dorothy dare not brave her father.

And so the days crept by.

Soon David Frost, her father's nephew, began coming home from meeting on First-day to dinner with them. Then came invitations for this gathering or that, and Dorothy's parents, who had kept her close at home, now insisted upon her accepting David's invitations.

David Frost would have been far from pleasing to Dorothy, even if her heart had not been given to Kenneth, but loving him as she did David was a positive trial to her. His manner was so self-confident, his speech so dictatorial. One evening in the autumn—it would soon be two years since Dorothy's wedding-night—David said to her:

"Cousin Dorothy, it is the will of our parents that we should marry. I feel sure thee would make me a good wife and housekeeper, and I am willing to do their will and marry thee."

David's confidence stung her into a sharper answer than we would expect from our gentle Dorothy:

"Art thou, David? well, that is kind! But I am not looking for a position as housekeeper."

To describe David's look of astonishment we have no words. Recovering himself, he said:

"It is the will of our parents, and I am ready to overlook thy answer, Dorothy, and marry thee whenever thou canst be ready."

"But I do not wish thee to overlook my answer. I do not intend to marry any one—certainly not thee, David."



"I shall go to thy father," was David's answer.

"Very well, David, but I should not think thee would desire an unwilling wife." This last she said pleadingly, not feeling strong enough for the struggle she knew would come if her father was told of her answer.

But David was offended. While he did not dream Dorothy would dare resist to the end—did not think for a moment but that his uncle would set her girlish will aside and compel her to consent—yet she deserved some punishment, and, as she was not his wife yet, he would go to her father.

"Dorothy, thy father would speak with thee."

It is the old command she heard in that beautiful summer-time that now seems so long ago. This time Dorothy does not ask her mother what is wanted with her. She knows too well, and the burden of her secret marriage settles still heavier on her young shoulders.

"David says thou hast spoken to him in a strange, quick manner, for thee, Dorothy. Remember he is to be thy husband, and as such deserves thy respect."

All Dorothy's being rose in rebellion at having her answer to David ignored in this manner.

"Did not David tell thee I said I could not marry him, father?"

"Canst! and why?"

"Because I do not love him."

"Tut, tut, child, what does thee know of loving? The love of a wife for her husband comes after she is a wife. I wish and expect thee to marry David, Dorothy."

"I cannot, father!"

"Does thee intend to defy me, Dorothy—me, thy father?"

"Father, I would my will could be as thine, but I do not love David, and I must not marry him."

Benjamin Harvey looked at his daughter. There was the same steadfast purpose in her face he had seen there once before, only intensified. Gradually a look of suspicion crept into his eyes, and he asked:

"Is that thy only reason?"

A flush came into the face of the unhappy little wife. It seemed as if her secret must be known. No words came to the trembling lips, and once more she stood in her father's presence a self-confessed culprit.

"Dorothy, I shall not ask thy meaning—it matters not to me. One chance I give. If in two weeks thou wilt tell me thou art willing to marry David, I will overlook this morning's talk; if not—" Here he paused and motioned her away, and she went, glad to escape.

Strange as it may seem, as the days passed the "if not" of her father did not trouble Dorothy. Keeping her hands busy all day and crying her-

self to sleep at night, Dorothy tried to forget her trouble. She knew she could not marry David, no matter how she dreaded her father. She might not marry but once, and was she not a wife?

But the two weeks passed only too quickly, and as she obeyed her father's summons there came into her mind for the first time the thought of the "if not."

"Well, Dorothy, shall I tell David thou wilt set the day?"

"I cannot, father, even to please thee; I cannot marry David."

"If I cannot be obeyed I am not thy father, nor art thou my child. It is getting late, and thee may stay the night and break thy fast on the morrow, as might any other stranger, but after that I will not expect to find thee under my roof, nor will my door be opened to thee again."

Dorothy stood as one transfixed, a great horror gathering over her face. At last she gasped:

"I cannot understand! Would thee send me from thee, father?"

"Exactly."

"But where would I go? how could I live? what would I do? O father! I cannot, may not, marry David. Don't be so hard on me!" Then turning to her mother, who, hearing the raised voices, had come into the room, she ran and caught her hand, crying: "Mother, father is sending me from thee—out in the world I know nothing of. Plead for me, mother; I am thy only one."

"Obey thy father, Dorothy. He knows what is best for thee."

"But I cannot, may not, marry David! O mother! have pity!" But the stern faces never changed. They would break her will, and have her bow to theirs, which had never broken.

Sad and broken hearted, the poor child crept out of the room. Not a thought of being untrue to Kenneth entered her mind. Although two years had passed with never a word nor message from him, she knew he would come "some day." But one thought was before her—she must leave her home. But where to go. Sitting in her little room, there came the remembrance of her strange marriage, and she wondered if the little pastor would not be kind. He knew her story, for Kenneth had told him. Perhaps he and his wife would help her to earn her living.

Her bundle was soon ready, and, taking it in her hand, she passed quietly down the stairs. She would not wait until morning, to pass like a wanderer through the village and have her former playmates see her leave home in disgrace. She feared nothing in the world more than her father's frown, and why should the coming darkness trouble her? Down the stairs and out in the dusk went Dorothy. She could hear the clink of the dishes, and knew the mother was performing



her usual task of setting the table, and she wondered whether a plate would be laid for the wayfarer who was to "stay the night."

Dorothy plodded along over fields and fences, getting, now and then, a "lift" from some kind waggoner. At last, footsore and weary, heartsick and hungry, she reached the Welsh settlement and the pastor's house. In a few words she recalled herself and her marriage to them and told her pitiful story. The simple, childless couple opened their hearts wide to the gentle, yet firm, little Quakeress, Dorothy, who had given up all for love.

"We have not much, but we will share with you," came from the full heart of the mistress.

"But I must not be a burden to thee. I will work—only do not send me away." The last words came like a wail from the lips of the worn-out girl, and, with a long sigh, she sank fainting to the floor. In the long days of nursing that followed, the sweet gentleness and patience of Dorothy endeared her to the childless hearts of these humble servants of God, and they would gladly have adopted her for their own.

When Dorothy was convalescent, the pastor came one day with the good news that he had secured the village school for her; and here she came, day by day. Love for her work helped shorten the days, and her trust in Kenneth was firm. The step she had taken in leaving her home had its influence on her character, making her firmer and more decided—better fitted to guide the little ones under her care. Instead of waiting for yea or nay from father or mother, little ones trusted in her decisions, waited for her approval.

—  
But what of Kenneth?

Once his back was turned upon his father's home fortune seemed to desert him. Now and then there would be a "streak of luck," but there was more bad luck than good. Now he worked in a quartz-mill; again, he was herding cattle; here, with a few enthusiastic comrades, he was prospecting—looking for gold and finding naught but cold and hunger. Again and again, as he slept with the skies for a roof and wrapped in his blanket, did he regret leaving his home and the wife of a few hours. How his heart yearned for her sweet face!

Kenneth had comfort that Dorothy did not—the letters from home always made some reference to her; they knew she had been "Kenneth's sweetheart." Wanderer as he was, he never neglected to write home, looking anxiously for the answers, scanning them quickly for some word of Dorothy.

One day, just as he was beginning to think that "luck was turning," a letter came that took from him all desire to live—"Dorothy Harvey and

David Frost are to be married," it said. For a time the world was a blank, then, seizing his pen, he wrote: "Tell me for sure, and quickly, is it true that Dorothy will marry David?"

Then came the days of waiting—days when he thought he would go mad. He could imagine how his mother and sister would shake their heads over his letter, and could see the dear mother wipe her glasses and lay them on the open Bible while she said: "I always told father that Kenneth cared more than was good for him for Dorothy Harvey. He knows she may not marry out of the Meeting."

At last the answer came, and oh! the bitterness!—"Very sure, brother Kenneth. They pass the Meeting for the first time next Quarterly Meeting day. Friend Harvey told our father."

Can you imagine Kenneth's thoughts? Hundreds of projects surged through his brain, with the one definite idea that he must go claim his wife; he must stop this marriage they were forcing upon his dear one. He never once distrusted Dorothy's love and honor, but, knowing her gentleness and her parent's tyranny, never dreamed she would rebel. But alas! the mine in which Kenneth had invested his little all proved worthless, and he was penniless and completely discouraged. Why struggle any longer against Fate? Dorothy would be lost to him before he could get back to "the States."

Recklessly, caring little whether success came or not, he began again at the bottom round of the ladder, feeling that Hope, also, must have escaped from Pandora's box when Fortune began to smile upon him. By this time he had drifted into Nevada, and here came home news that filled him with both sorrow and joy. The letter said: "You remember I wrote of the intended marriage of Dorothy and David Frost? Dorothy has disappeared, it is supposed to escape the marriage, and nothing is known of her whereabouts."

His precious wife! how was she caring for herself?—so timid and gentle, alone and unprotected, and all for love of him! He would find her. She could not hide where the eyes of his lover-husband could not find her!

But the reaction, after the dreadful strain, was too much, and before Kenneth had completed his arrangements to return he was stricken down with a fever. Weeks and weeks he lay helpless, retarding convalescence by his own impatience. At last he was pronounced able to start, and when home seemed very near, Kenneth found that doctor's bills and medicine and nursing had consumed nearly all his savings, and once again he must take pick and shovel and labor, day by day, until he came to his wife.

Drifting and drifting, at last he reached Leadville. Fortune was kinder to him now; more probably the knowledge of that faithful, waiting

heart trusting in him had more to do with his success than Dame Fortune. Sitting one night in his cabin, thinking, as usual, of Dorothy, there came to him the remembrance of that cold winter night—the frozen snow, the jingle of sleigh-bells, and the fair Quaker maiden by his side. Then came back to him the memory of the bright parlor, the solemn words of the little pastor, and the warm handshake to him and his new-made wife. Like a flash came the thought, might not Dorothy have gone there? The idea haunted him, and, except that he had forgotten the pastor's name, Kenneth would have written to him.

For over a year Dorothy had dwelt in this quiet home, and had made for herself a place in the hearts of these warm-hearted Welsh. The children loved her, and, if she would, Dorothy could have had lovers to choose from in the elder brothers of the little ones. But gently and quietly she went on her way, her very gentleness her safeguard.

One afternoon in early summer she sat at her desk in the deserted school-room dreaming of Kenneth. Her duty for the day was over, and the time was her own. She wondered when he would come—never doubting but that he would find her here. If she only knew where to send for him! but the West was such a vast place. Leaning her head upon her hand, she gazed long and earnestly from the west window, as if she could see her husband there.

Presently the half light from the door was darkened, and Dorothy, turning slowly, saw a bearded stranger regarding her earnestly. One look was enough, and with a glad cry she was in his arms. The place is too sacred for us, and we leave them to their happiness, hearing only the words, choked with tears, of "Kenneth, my husband!" as we go out into the dusk.

That same evening, with Dorothy's hand in his, as if he feared to lose her again, and the pastor and his wife seated near, Kenneth told of his wanderings and defeats, of his miseries and joys and final success. Then turning to Dorothy, he said:

"Now, my darling wife, shall we stay here or will you go with me and help make a home in the West?"

Dorothy made answer:

"Whither thou goest I will go. I have no people; my father has no child. I belong entirely to thee, my husband!" S. H. W.

VALUE OF COURTESY.—Good manners never desert a man in whom they are conspicuous; for they are not like good clothes, which can be put on or off at pleasure, but are rather to be compared to a good conscience, which is the outcome of all that a man has been in the past.

## A DIFFICULT TRUST.\*

By H. S. ATWATER.

### CHAPTER XIV.

ELINOR AMES sat alone in her library, with the gay spring sunshine flooding in at the window, falling here and there on the time-worn books and glinting in yellow gleams on the polished brasses of the fire-irons. Very sweet and fair she looked as she sat in the deep bay-window; at her side were a pile of letters marked "answered," and close to them were others, whose fresh stamps and directions showed that they were about to be sent forth upon their travels.

Her daily task was finished, and she had fastened and stamped the last letter, laying it down with a sigh of relief, and leaning her head upon her hand gazed dreamily out of the window. Outside the promise of the spring showed itself in a warmer light upon the water, the skies above were steely blue flecked with white clouds, and still were cold and distant, but from the land came faint, sweet twitterings and the fresh smell of earth, and ever and anon swift wings beat across the casement, like flitting shadows in the sunshine. The birds were coming back from other climes; how fared it with her wanderers?

Drawing from her pocket a letter, she opened it. It was from Geoffrey, and he wrote:

"Elinor, I cannot express to you my delight when this morning Thalia spoke of returning to America. Our stay abroad has been one round of gayeties, and I am more weary of picture galleries, operas, balls, etc., than I can give expression to. Oftentimes, in the midst of all this whirl, comes to me a vision of the dear home at Windy Point, with you as the central figure, and I long unspeakably for a quiet chat with you by the fire-light in the old library. Then, too, I am never free from anxiety on your account, dear, kind Elinor, for I feel that all my cares are borne by you, and I cannot tell how heavy a weight that may be."

Elinor's hands went over her eyes. Indeed, he did not, nor should he ever know how near, how very near, she had fallen under her burden.

Those days of overwrought nerves that had passed seemed a dreadful nightmare vision, and her whole soul recoiled from the thought of any repetition of such a state of affairs. There was a mixed feeling of delight that Geoffrey's near return would release her from the anxieties of her position, yet, on the other hand, she dreaded the prospect of giving up that which she had taken to her heart as a healing balm. How hard it is when poor humanity is between two mill-stones,

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revolving and grinding, grinding and revolving, until entire disintegration takes place and life is no more what it was. We flee for refuge from an overwhelming trouble to a certain line of action to deaden the misery, and which, by distracting attention from the thorns that tear the flesh and cut the feet, enables us to press forward on our journey, albeit there is behind a trail in drops of blood; but presently, as though outraged by the neglect of her warnings, nature revenges herself by striking us down unexpectedly and overwhelmingly.

During those long weeks of nervous and mental depression, Charles Marsden had stood faithfully at her side, serving and watching as none but an all-absorbing love can watch and serve, but by this very intuition he grew to understand how very far she was from comprehending the state of his feelings, and he sank into deep unhappiness as he was obliged to acknowledge how entirely her thoughts and mind were bent upon the fulfillment of her task. Her unselfish devotion to Geoffrey warped her other instincts and rendered her more unobservant than was natural in regard to anything foreign to her all-engrossing thought.

At last Charles was rewarded by seeing the edge of the cloud lift, and the sun of existence once more peep over the edge of the horizon of the woman he loved, and once more Elinor Ames was quite herself, but with a soft tinge of sadness subduing her independence of character and rendering her more attractive than ever—maddingly so, felt Charles Marsden, often abruptly leaving her through fear of words slipping from his lips which he would bitterly repent of hereafter.

Elinor wondered at the difference in Charles; nor was she alone in this, for his friends conceded that Marsden was changed, and not for the better. There was a moroseness and absent-mindedness that showed itself to the world at large in a savage irritability that threatened in many instances to alienate his friends; yet, strange to say, never had he worked with a more unremitting zeal, and stranger yet, never had he sought society more freely. If it was for the purposes of pleasure it was strangely manifested, for now, though no longer were invitations declined, but accepted, and Charles Marsden became a familiar figure at social gatherings, there was little of enjoyment to be seen in his care-worn face and sarcastic smile. He flitted in and out like a ghost, exchanging a few unmeaning compliments with his hostess, a few careless words here and there among the men of his acquaintance, and then vanished to reappear at another and similar scene. But after the lights were extinguished and the merry-makers comfortably wrapped in their slumbers, who took note of the man with weary face and sighing heart, who, alone with his haunting thoughts, roamed through the gloomy streets until exhaus-

ted, and, returning to his lonely chambers, threw himself upon his bed to sink into an uneasy, broken sleep? Once in a while a little, ragged figure would glide about after him, tracking him from place to place, and finally disappearing up some dark, ill-smelling court, with a menacing shake of the small, dirty fist. Thus do the Furies drive those on whom they have a claim.

But in his business, success crowned him more thickly than ever. Difficult cases came to him from far and wide, and ere long he became one of the most noted criminal lawyers in his native State. His pleading was quoted as a model of legal and fiery eloquence, and juries melted into tears, and women fainted and became hysterical, as lawyer Marsden arose, and, speaking in a clear, full tone, held his hearers spell-bound and moved them at his will by the realistic picture of manifold temptations resisted, and the final fall, with its vivid horrors of conscience and mind.

Even to Elinor there was at times a moody irritability that caused her eyes to fill, and which wrung from him a heartfelt apology, followed by some especial act of kind attention that softened and soothed her injured feelings; and there awaited Miss Ames at the post-office, on this particular morning, a small missive that was the outcome of this state of affairs.

Thus Elinor Ames sat thinking in the spring sunlight of many things, both sweet and bitter. Presently the door opened, and Drusilla Hope-well thrust in her head.

"Elinor," she said, "be you going down to the post-office this morning?" It had grown into a habit with Miss Ames to make her walk serve a double purpose, and this lovely spring morning was to be no exception to the rule.

"Yes, Drusilla," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

"'Cause, if you was, I was going to tell you that Primrose's Sammy burnt himself at a candy pulling, and I thought maybe you'd take him a pot of my salve."

"Certainly I will, Drusilla," answered Miss Ames; "but what an unfortunate little wretch Sammy Primrose is! It was only last year he fell into the pig sty and was badly bitten by the old pig; then year before that he upset a beehive, and was nearly stung to death. I don't wonder his mother is never well."

"It all comes of his being his own father's son. If he'd belonged to any one else, he wouldn't ha' been pryin' round an' peakin' into everything, like Violet Primrose does; 'taint often we can blame Providence for the hobbles we get into, it's most allays our own contrariness that tuckers us out, that's my opinion," Drusilla continued, emphatically, dusting off the top of a table with her gingham apron.

"I don't think your philosophy always fits in

very well, Drusilla," said Elinor, much amused; "and I don't believe you thought so either last Sunday, when the bottom of the jar of preserves you were carrying dropped out and spilled the contents down the front of your black silk apron."

"Like 'nough I put them in too hot and cracked the glass a little mite," sturdily retorted Drusilla, determined not to be driven from her position.

"Well, be that as it may," replied Elinor, "I'm very sure, dear old nurse, you haven't made any mistake in the salve, so if you will get it for me Sammy Primrose shall have relief at once;" so saying, she left the room.

"Bless her heart," muttered Drusilla, looking after her, "there aint many like her. Little viper!" she spitefully cast at a picture of Mrs. Geoffrey Allston standing on an easel near at hand; then she vanished, shutting the door behind her with a bang.

Elinor walked briskly along the road, noting, with quick eye, the footsteps of the young spring. Far up on the side of the hills were, here and there, patches of snow under the shadow of the rocks, and the tops of the trees were beginning to show a gathering thickness; afar off a ripple of melody dropped upon the air and a bluebird flew up to join its mate in the neighboring forests; the clear, sharp air circled around her, bracing up both mind and body, and her soul seemed to expand and soar upward on the voice of the bluebird's song.

"Yes," she softly murmured to herself, "this is a beautiful world, and it is a good thing to live, even if we cannot have everything our own way."

Violet Primrose was sorting the mail as she entered the one store of Stony Creek, a large and airy place, where dry goods jostled glass jars of highly colored candies and gayly painted boxes of spices, in motley array on the capacious shelves. Several glass cases containing small wares, such as stationery, a collection of cheap glassware, lead-pencils, marbles, etc., were ranged on both counters, on one of which leaned a buxom country woman bargaining for a package of groceries to be received in exchange for the basket of newly laid eggs over which she stoutly stood guard. Half a dozen men lounged around the large stove, with their overcoats unbuttoned to catch the grateful warmth, discussing the backward season, the price of cattle, and that to a rustic mind never-failing source of interest, the coming country election. A group of young boys and chattering, half-grown girls stood in front of the little space partitioned off from the rest of the premises, and which served the purpose of a post office. Behind the checkered panes of glass might be seen the postmaster sorting the mail with an air of slow importance.

As the men about the stove pushed aside to allow the "Professor's girl" to pass, Violet looked up, and, opening the door of the little office, motioned Elinor to enter.

Seating herself, she waited patiently, considerably amused by two round-eyed children who peeped at her through the glass of the little letter-boxes and then ran laughing away.

Violet was exasperatingly slow this morning.

"Anderson!" he called, depositing the missive bearing that name in the appropriate box; "French," and another shoved places the second letter; and so it ran on, he stopping occasionally and going to the window to receive the full benefit of the light upon some unfamiliar style of calligraphy.

At last Elinor saw a letter pass into his hands whose writing caused her heart to leap. Slowly, as though enjoying her suspense, he turned it over and over, examining it closely, and finally read the address aloud, "Miss Elinor Ames." Looking over the top of his spectacles (for Violet was now obliged to make use of such aid in any particular work) he handed it to Elinor with the remark:

"It's a furren letter, Elinor, an' I guess you're downright glad to get it."

Before the crimson flush which this speech evoked had faded, Violet had come to the bottom of his pile of letters, and, handing the last one to her, supplemented it by these words, completing the sum of her irritation:

"There's another one fur you, Elinor; that's from Charles Marsden. I should know that queer black hand o' his'n anyhow."

Elinor quickly laid down the package intrusted to her care by Drusilla, and escaped from the raking fire of glances with all possible expedition. Not until she was well on her way home did she examine her mail. Both the letters proved short, but nevertheless important. Geoffrey's contained but a few lines:

"O Elinor! rejoice with me, for we return in the Servia, which sails this day week. No words can convey to you the happiness I experience in thinking of again seeing home and you. We are quite well, and Thalia sends her love. She is waiting for me; therefore I will say good-bye for a little while—only for a little while.

"Affectionately,

"GEOFFREY."

Elinor grew suddenly weak, her strained nerves every once in awhile reminding her of their former tension.

She dared not trust herself to think how glad she was, and then she fell to wondering how they—would look. There had been a curious undertone in some of Geoffrey's correspondence that she had not quite comprehended. His first



letters had been full of his new happiness and his plans for the future, but gradually this tone had dropped and given place to an intense longing for home and Windy Point; and she found herself surmising what had wrought this change, a faint, undefined dread holding her in its grasp. She, who knew so well the selfish, shallow nature of Thalia Winthrop, feared to face the possibilities that life might hold for this man, for whom she had made so great a sacrifice.

Replacing the letter with a sigh and a smile, her fingers came in contact with her other correspondence.

It was indeed from Charles Marsden, offering her the rare treat of an evening of song and the glorious voice of Adelina Patti. "You can remain all night in Monmouth, can you not, at Judge Truman's?" wrote Charles; "I hope you will make every effort to come, as I am sure you will enjoy it, and it will be something of a change."

"How kind he is!" she murmured, walking rapidly on, humming an air from the beautiful, pathetic *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She felt singularly light-hearted this morning, and all day long went about the house with a happier light in her eyes than had rested there for many days.

The Opera House in Monmouth was pervaded by a dim twilight. The twinkling lights were turned down to an infinitesimal point, and tier after tier of empty seats awaited their occupants. All was quiet in the vast auditorium save the stealthy tread of an occasional usher gliding about like a shadow. Now and then a fragment of trilling song found its way from behind the drop-curtain, with an occasional burst of laughter or the rough voice of a stage carpenter adjusting a scene. Outside was a dense mass of struggling humanity besieging the windows of the ticket-seller's prison-like box; ticket-scalpers were driving their trade by the entrance, and small boys greeted the passers-by with shrill, ear-splitting voice, screaming:

"Book of the opera, gentlemen, book of the opera! here you are, ten cents, same's you get inside for a quarter." A long line of carriages drawn up before the illuminated doorway discharged their brilliant burdens in their turn, and the cries of hackmen, the efforts of the policemen darting in and out under the heads of the horses, made up a scene of confusion rarely to be witnessed save on the nights when some great *dina* sang. Gradually this surging mass resolved itself into its component atoms, and struggled by twos and threes into the indistinct twilight of the auditorium. Soon the groups became a stream of people, who, pouring in in a sweeping flood, overspread the whole building, until from parquet to dome the place was filled, and even standing room was hard to find.

Up went the lights, and diamonds sparkled and bright eyes danced back at the twinkling crystals of the huge chandelier, the musicians took their places, and soft music floated out in rich strains, now sinking low in whispered tones of love, and again rising in a despairing wail of separation and death.

Elinor Ames, with Charles Marsden, occupied a foremost seat in the house, and Charles gazed at her with pride and despairing love, for the excitement had added an unwonted color to her cheek, and deepened almost to black her sweet, gray eyes. A profusion of rich, creamy lace laid softly on her neck, adapting itself to the beautiful curves of her figure, and the feathery swansdown of her opera cloak showed purely white against the deep sombreness of her dress, her only ornament, and a greeting from Charles Marsden, consisting of a bouquet at her bosom, and one in her hand of delicate white roses. The boxes gradually filled, all save one. In one of them was an opera party of gay girls, with their attendant cavaliers and smiling chaperones.

"How society cuts individuals and usages after one dry and monotonous pattern, Elinor," said Charles, laughing, and directing her attention to the stiff row of bouquets placed at precisely the same angle along the railing of the box and in front of their pretty owners; "the arrangements of those flowers speaks for itself. Those girls from their cradles up are made to understand that their ideas on given subjects must be cut after a certain pattern, any infringement of which is sure to be greeted by looks of horror and disapprobation, and nothing can more surely destroy a girl's popularity as to gain for herself the name of being unlike the rest of her set."

"Yes," replied Elinor, "the conventionalism of the day is rapidly destroying all originality. Once in awhile a person will dare to leap out of the beaten track, and if successful all the rest of the world jump after them."

"And if unsuccessful, what then?" questioned Charles.

"Ah! we won't go into that now," smilingly replied Elinor; "the subject offers too broad a field for such a place as this."

The tinkle of the prompter's bell arrested her words, the painted landscape of the curtain gradually vanished toward the ceiling, the chorus in their gay costumes burst forth into song, and the opera had opened, yet the box on the right-hand side of the stage remained empty. There was a slight pause in the music, then a wonderful burst of song drawing nearer and nearer, and a slight figure in Oriental robes glided in before the immense concourse of people. Down rolled the thunders of applause, up rose the men in the gallery, and a cheer rang out, ladies waved their jeweled hands, half rising in their places, and with



the waves of her fame thus beating around her, the little *Diva* bowed and smiled and bent low before her ovation.

Elinor, glancing up, saw the vacant box had been occupied during the excitement, but the figures were shadowy behind the curtains, and turning again to the stage she became completely absorbed in the beautiful rendering of *Aida*.

At length the curtain fell, and her attention was once more drawn to the right-hand box by the advance of a lady to the front, who, clad all in creamy white, with diamonds flashing from her hair and bosom, gazed around her in the consciousness of her exquisite beauty, and seated herself in full view.

Elinor's heart gave a bound, then stood still; everything grew dark before her, and it needed all her self-control to avoid a scene. The lovely roses in her hand fell from the loosened grasp and laid unheeded on the ground, their pure white petals bruised and broken.

Charles turned quickly to her, and following the direction of her eyes, met those of Thalia Allston in all her superb beauty.

"By Jove! there's Thalia," he exclaimed, "and Allston in the back of the box."

He picked up the neglected flowers and handed them to Elinor, saying, "Suppose I go and welcome them home, Elinor, if you will excuse me?" He rightly judged she would be glad of a few moments to herself.

Thought was swallowed up in feeling with Elinor Ames, and she sat with her head bent down over her flowers, not daring until her self-command was greater to glance in the direction of the box; the music fell unheeded upon her ear, and her whole nature was absorbed in the mastery of this unexpected situation.

Presently she looked up, steeling herself to meet the inevitable, and so firm was her will that when Charles returned her agitation showed itself only in the pallor of her face and a nervous trembling of the mouth.

He was the bearer of a message from Thalia requesting Elinor to come to her.

Elinor, forcing herself desperately to an outward composure, followed him up the aisle, down another, then through a little door at the side, and the next moment found herself in the box and Thalia's kiss upon her lips. Mechanically she turned to where a tall, dark figure stood in the shadow stretching out both hands toward her. Could this man, who stood before her with a look of suffering on his countenance, darkening the eyes she knew so well and settling in the compressed lips and deep lines of his face, be Geoffrey Allston? In place of the light hearted youth, with his warm, affectionate nature and gentle consideration for others, here stood a careworn man, losing nothing of his gentle courtesy,

but bearing the marks of a baptismal fire of disappointment on his face and in his manner. True woman that she was, the sight of suffering in the man she loved nerved her as nothing else could have done, and with gleaming eyes and pallid face she placed her hands in his and looked in his eyes with a glad smile.

"Welcome home a thousand times, Geoffrey," she said, in a steady voice; "I am more glad than I can tell to see you both once again."

Holding her hands, his eyes searched her face and rested upon it, still bravely smiling.

"The same faithful friend," he spoke, in low tones, as if to himself; "thank God for that!"

She laughed nervously and withdrew her hands.

"Why surely, Geoffrey," she replied, "you did not expect me to change in so short a time, did you? I do not think you compliment me by such a thought."

"You mustn't mind him, Elinor," spoke Thalia, glancing over her shoulder; "Geoffrey's not like any one else I ever saw, and you mustn't feel hurt if he makes curious speeches;" and motioning Charles Marsden to her side, divided her time in plying him with questions of their mutual friends and nodding here and there to such of her acquaintances as were in the audience.

Again the curtain arose, and Elinor never forgot the curious sensations she experienced during that long and trying evening.

"You look tired and pale, Elinor." She was conscious that Geoffrey spoke at her side; then all drifted off into the strains of the lovely voice and mystic music of the orchestra.

"Yes," she seemed to hear herself reply, "I have not been quite well, but have entirely recovered;" and once again the despairing farewell of the two lovers in the subterranean cavern and the ominous stroke of the hammer over their heads overpowered all other consciousness.

Then Thalia's voice came, jarringly:

"There's that common Mrs. Ellbridge in a bright red velvet," mingling with a sigh from Geoffrey and the soft, sweet song of the lovers dying in each other's arms.

At last, with a sense of relief, she felt the cool night air blowing on her face and rousing her with its touch. The next moment Geoffrey placed his wife in their carriage and they drove away, leaving Elinor clinging to Charles Marsden's protecting arm. Throughout all her after life Elinor Ames could never hear the music of *Aida* without calling up the recollection of that evening, with its strained situation and lovely music; its glare of light and heavy perfumes; the thunders of applause, that sounded in her ears like the beating of waves, and the strange contrast of her outward calmness with the tumultuous sea of feeling raging within her heart and mind.

## CHAPTER XV.

"IT has come at last!" and Charles Marsden threw an open letter upon his table. Disjointed words fell from his lips, as he heavily paced the room from end to end. "So it has come at last," he muttered, "and I am a ruined man; and for what? Do you know, my angel Elinor, that your pure hand has rested in one stained black with crime? Your clear gray eyes would grow black with horror and you would shrink in fear from him whom you have called your friend could you see him as he is. My God!" he groaned, "and she never will love me, never, never, and I have sold my soul for a shadow. Great God! how shall I ever live through the exposure?—welcome death rather than that. Yes, I can see them," and he laughed savagely and hoarsely; "how they will whisper, one to another, and when they meet me on the streets will turn their eyes away. Oh! no, they will not see me, 'A mere accident, you certainly know, Mr. Marsden; 'aye, but it will be an accident that will be repeated again and again, until I, who in my pride took no favor from mortal, will be thankful for a glance of recognition from the man at whom I would have scoffed last year. And Elinor would not give one moment of Allston's company for my whole life."

He stopped before a picture of Elinor Ames and gazed upon it with a fixed, despairing look. "O tender, cruel darling!" he passionately exclaimed, kissing it again and again, "you stab me slowly to death by your unconscious kindness. Kindness! oh! you are very kind! you could not help it, you would be kind if it was only to a poor sick dog, and I can be faithful, like the dog, for whose ills you care. I will kiss your little feet as they tread out my life's happiness. O my dear! my love! you have bound me in chains as fine as cobwebs but as strong as steel," and he resumed his weary walk backward and forward in gloomy silence.

Once more he lifted the letter from the table. "So Buckingham settles in Australia, does he? Perhaps I'll meet him there some day, but one of us will have a chain and ball about the ankle. He'll not be anxious to claim acquaintance with his old comrade clad in a suit like a striped caterpillar. Stay," he continued, striking his forehead, "of what am I thinking? I mean a place much nearer home. How many times I've passed those grim walls with the water dashing against their gray stones and wondered what the poor devils think and feel behind those cannon-guarded barriers. I shall be quite a show for visitors, as the prison-guard will tell the curious crowd that 'In this cell, gentlemen, is Charles Marsden, a successful lawyer.' 'His crime?' 'He robbed his friend, gentlemen,' stole money intrusted to his care," then his voice changed, and rang out in full, clear tones, "but who can tell of the temptations that

were resisted before the final fall? who can tell of the gradual weakening of his lines of defense? who can estimate the force of heredity? No tongue of man can depict the horrible tortures of remorse suffered by this man, and the Recording Angel drops a bitter tear as he notes the agonies of shame and humiliation entailed by this infringement of a moral law. Gentlemen of the jury," and he lifted his hand with an impressive gesture, "this is the prisoner's first offense, and I recommend him to your merciful consideration."

He stopped and looked about him strangely; great drops of moisture stood on his forehead and trickled down his pallid face. "Am I going mad?" he exclaimed; "I should think I was an hysterical girl rehearsing for the stage instead of a man with exposure and ruin staring him in the face. Let me see if I can realize the situation," he spoke slowly and with a painful effort of concentration. "Buckingham writes to sell out within ten days, even if at a loss, and transmit to him at once, as he intends to remain in Australia and wants his money to invest immediately in a promising scheme. 'Do not delay,' he says, 'it may lose me the chance.'"

Charles folded the letter and sat thinking. Twenty-five thousand dollars was too large a debt to expect a business firm to repay on so short a notice, yet there was this one chance, that the surplus of the mill might show so well that it could afford the payment. It was so faint a hope that he felt it was not to be depended upon, yet he must try it; no one stone must be left unturned to save his reputation in the eyes of the world. He did not care for life, but he did care very much for his good name. Self-destruction he had always condemned as a cowardly, selfish action, unworthy of a sane person, but he now felt as if that was almost preferable to living a life darkened by obloquy and evil. He had destroyed his self-respect and therefore would be obliged to depend, in a measure, for moral support upon the opinion of the world at large; that he could not afford to do without, and every means must be tried to preserve it. His crime was his own, his remorse was his private property, but whatever might be the yawning sepulchre of his heart and spirit, even though they were but a charnel-house of dead hopes haunted by the wails of despairing contrition and expiation, outwardly the old semblance of honor must be preserved, else the pillars of the universe would totter beneath him and his whole being sink into the chaotic blackness of shame and death. His first thought showed him that it was of vital importance that he should gain all the time possible. He felt confused and his weary brain acted sluggishly. He, who was always so ready in thought for others, found himself alarmingly slow in expedients for himself. He plunged his head and face into a basin of cold

water, and seating himself wrote a few lines to his friend.

"Thirty-five thousand dollars of what he held," he wrote, "should be forwarded at once; the remainder, twenty-five thousand, which included all profits on transactions, being invested in such a way that it would necessitate a delay of a few weeks, possibly months, in order to avoid a heavy and useless loss."

Sealing his letter he arose, and looking at his watch went out to mail it.

Half an hour later Charles passed through the entrance to the Grand Hotel and was ushered into the private parlor of Mrs. Geoffrey Allston, where he found, as he expected, Elinor Ames and Thalia, the latter more charming than ever in a *peignoir* draped with marvelous laces and a coquettish cap.

"Delighted to see you, Charles," spoke Thalia, extending to him her hand covered with sparkling rings; "I thought you would be here sooner or later;" and she cast a smilingly significant glance at Elinor, who grew scarlet from annoying consciousness.

Greeting Thalia, but ignoring her remark, Charles turned to Elinor.

"I hardly expected to find you here this morning, Elinor," he said; "I thought you expected to return yesterday to Windy Point."

"So I did, Charles," returned Elinor, with a grateful look of relief; "but Geoffrey was very anxious to see his mill and Windy Point again, and persuaded me to stay over until to-day, when he will return with me. Thalia," she continued, turning to Mrs. Allston, "I wish you would change your plans, put off your New York trip, and come to Windy Point with us. Charles will join us, and it will seem like the dear old times once again."

"Yes, Thalia," chimed in Geoffrey's voice as he appeared in the doorway, "give up this ball to please me, will you not?" and he softly stroked her golden hair as he stood behind her. She moved herself away.

"Don't, Geoffrey," she said, pettishly; "I shall not be fit to be seen after your great fingers have been among my hair."

He drew back with his lips compressed, and a hard look on his face.

"Can you not understand, Thalia," he said, in a cold, harsh voice, "that it looks peculiar, to speak mildly, for you to return to New York to attend a public ball without your husband, especially when we have been married so short a time and have but just returned home after so long an absence?"

During this little scene, Charles Marsden bent over Elinor, speaking earnestly to her.

"No," Elinor replied to his questions; "I am sorry not to have a better state of affairs to show

Geoffrey. I had hoped to have made some money for him, but although, thanks to you, we have escaped the worst, there is no surplus fund of any account to show, but rather there is that large indebtedness to you, that I do not see any reasonable way of repaying under a year's time, possibly not then."

Charles listened mechanically, feeling the meshes of his Nemesis drawing closer and closer about him.

"Do you need the money," he heard Elinor say, and absently answered "No," then rousing himself he stammered, "that is—" when he was interrupted by Thalia's voice, speaking decidedly:

"I have accepted the invitation and shall go, and I can't help it if you will not go with me. Indeed, Geoffrey," she said, with a pout and tears in her eyes, "I don't see why I should give in any more than should you, and I have set my heart upon this, for it will be the ball of the season."

"Well, suit yourself, Thalia," replied Geoffrey, wearily; "do as you please—you generally do—but I go to Windy Point with Elinor this evening."

"Charles is going to New York this afternoon, and I dare say he will not object to being my escort, and as I have made arrangements with my friends, the B——s, to go with them, I don't see why you should object, Geoffrey," urged Thalia.

"Just as you please, Thalia, it makes but little difference to me. You cannot hurt me as you once did, that time has gone by," he said to her in a low voice.

Thalia colored and glanced at Charles Marsden.

"Charles," she called, "if you still expect to go to New York this afternoon would you object to taking me under your protection? Geoffrey seems to imagine that the road is lined with dragons waiting to devour me."

"Certainly, Thalia," answered Charles, advancing; "I am obliged to go the city to-day, and will, with Geoffrey's permission, be most happy to have your company."

Geoffrey replied by a shrug of his shoulders and a half-bitter smile—"Not the least objection in the world, Marsden; on the contrary, I feel much obliged to you."

Thus the time was fixed for that evening, and Thalia's equanimity being restored, now that the supremacy of her will was admitted and her point gained, the conversation became general, but the most brilliant sallies of wit from Thalia Allston fell coldly upon the ears of her husband and failed to drive the cloud from the brow of Charles Marsden.

It was in the gray twilight of the spring evening that Charles Marsden issued from the door of his dwelling, carrying a traveling-satchel in his hand.

A group of street Arabs were absorbed in a game of marbles on the pavement, and as he passed them a voice fell upon his ear that seemed familiar:

"No yer don't," was vociferated in shrill tones; "I aint no sick duffer, as yer takes me fur, I see ye sneak with me own eyes. No, siree, them alleys is mine; yer can't come that e're game over me, an' don't yer forgit it."

A loud laugh greeted this outburst of Skinny Bill, for it was that individual who thus loudly asserted himself. Charles turned just in time to see the boy give a hitch to his ragged trousers and make a rush at his companions, evidently bent upon a wholesale revenge; but his headlong career was brought to a sudden stop by a firm grasp upon his collar, and Charles beckoned a neighboring policeman; but Skinny Bill, true to his eel-like nature, twisted and wriggled until he finally worked himself away, leaving in Marsden's hand a fragment of his ragged jacket.

During this scene the remainder of the little *gamins* had vanished one by one, leaving the dusky street quiet and solitary.

Charles pursued his way.

"Poor little wretch," he said to himself, "he only follows out his natural instincts, like any other little animal. He hasn't robbed his friend, even with all his ignorance, but I don't in the least doubt he would if he wished to without a twinge of compunction. Fool," he bitterly thought, "what are you, indeed, that you should judge him."

Absorbed in his own sad reflections, he turned into his office to obtain some papers he required, entirely unconscious of the small, stealthy figure which dogged his footsteps, and which, as he passed within the door, whipped out of its pocket a slender cord and quickly attached it to a tree on the sidewalk in front of the building; then, leading it across the pavement, snugly encoined itself in the shadow of the steps and waited.

Several people passed along, but the invisible line remained harmlessly on the ground, but as the quick ears of Skinny Bill—for it was he—caught the sound of Marsden's returning footsteps, the cord was carefully raised a short distance above the pavement, and, drawing it tightly, he awaited his revenge.

In another moment there was an exclamation, a stumble, a vain attempt at recovery, then a headlong plunge, and Charles Marsden measured his length on a very muddy pavement. A burst of mocking laughter rang in his ears, and before he could collect his senses enough to understand what had occurred, Skinny Bill was far up the street, shouting back to him with the full force of his lungs: "Hello, old rooster, what's the racket? Guess yer bin on a huckleberry picnic from the looks o' yer togs. Here's a lark, you bet," and

twirling five very black fingers in front of a very small and impudent-looking nose, disappeared in the darkness.

Charles glanced down. Mudstains from head to foot and a gaping rent in one of his knees greeted his horrified eyes. There was nothing to be done but return to his rooms and change his clothes throughout. He looked at his watch; there had been but a few moments to spare in which to call for Mrs. Geoffrey Allston and make the train in time, and this exasperatingly petty accident had rendered that impossible. He stamped angrily, and turning, with a muttered anathema, into a District Messenger Office, dispatched a note to Mrs. Allston, who at that very moment was awaiting his arrival in her parlor at the hotel.

"What is the matter, Thalia?" said her husband, noticing the look of annoyance on her face as she read her note.

"How strange," she replied, in a fretful tone; "Charles writes that an unavoidable delay has occurred, causing him to miss his train, and advising me to wait and go in the morning, as he is obliged to go down to-night by the boat, and supposes I would not care to go by water. I'm sure I don't care," she continued, tossing the note on the table, "I've made up my mind to go this evening and I do not mean to be disappointed. I don't see why I should dislike the boat, and it is much more comfortable than getting up early in the morning to leave."

"Thalia, dearest," said Geoffrey, putting his arms tenderly around her, "give up this trip to please me; you shall not lose any pleasure by it, believe me. Come with Elinor and me to Windy Point for a few days, and then I will return with you to New York. I would accompany you to-night, my darling, were it not absolutely necessary for me to visit the mill to-morrow. See," he continued, taking several letters from his pocket, "these are all from Sanderson on business matters, and I cannot put off going any longer. Do you not love me well enough to make so slight a sacrifice for me?"

Thalia frowned impatiently.

"How absurd, Geoffrey, to talk in that ridiculous strain. You know I love you, but what's the use of having money if you cannot enjoy it in your own way?"

His arm dropped from about her graceful figure and he looked sadly into her beautiful, heartless eyes.

"Thalia," he said, deeply sighing, "I fear you care more for money and what it will bring than for anything else in the world."

For a moment she stood thinking, then turned and faced him, with pale face and proud defiance.

"You are right—I do," she said, meeting his glance as though inviting scrutiny and speaking



to him, for the first time, with absolute truth and candor.

For a moment he searched her eyes, then his own dropped under her look, and he turned his back with a shiver, as though struck by a chill.

There was an evil smile on her lips as she hurriedly wrote a few words, and ringing the bell dispatched them to Charles Marsden; they were but few:

"I go by boat to-night and shall be glad of your escort."

An hour later Geoffrey Allston saw his wife on board the steamboat Connecticut, attending to her comforts quietly and scrupulously, but it was done in the same spirit with which he would have regarded any other duty.

"Good-bye, Thalia," he said, putting out his hand; "here is Marsden, and you will not need me longer."

The young men shook hands, Charles remarking how pale and worn Geoffrey looked.

Thalia Allston placed her hand in that of her husband, and a cold kiss of farewell passed between them. Geoffrey dropped her hand and turned to leave; two or three steps were taken, then he paused; something drew him back with irresistible force; he wondered at the time, but later on, looking back by the lurid light of an awful catastrophe, he understood it all. Taking his wife's face gently between his strong hands, he kissed her on forehead and lips.

"Forgive me, Thalia, if I have done aught to wound your feelings," he said, then turned and left her.

Something in his manner had insensibly moved her, and she stood looking after his receding form with a wistful look in her large, blue eyes, but the night was cold and foggy, and a dull feeling of depression caused her to draw her heavy shawl about her with a shiver, and excusing herself to Charles she sought the shelter of her state-room.

Thicker and closer the fog settled down, until the tiny spark of Charles Marsden's cigar was but just distinguishable through the mist, which seemed an impenetrable wall shutting them within its folds from the world outside. Unseen bells were ringing and the shrill whistle of steam floated from unknown regions that lay behind that wall of gray vapor; the great wheel revolved slowly as the huge steamer found its way foot by foot, placing one step after the other, as it were, and trying each spot before it ventured on the next. The darkness was oppressive, and overwhelmed Charles Marsden's tortured heart and mind. He felt he should go mad if it continued much longer. It was as though the world had receded, leaving him utterly alone between soft and impassable walls, a victim to the horrors of

remorse and despair, and he strode across the deck in miserable haste to the lights of the saloon; he must have light—heaven sent light—or he should go mad.

In the library at Windy Point Elinor and Geoffrey sat talking before the ruddy fire late into the night. Of the two faces a stranger would have pronounced that of Geoffrey's the elder. A happy light rested on Elinor's sweet face, the frank and gentle eyes giving the weary man beside her a sense of rest and peace as he gazed upon them, and he thought, with a sigh, of how different two lives would have been had Thalia possessed more of the spirit of Elinor Ames.

Drusilla opened the door.

"Can you come here for a minute, Elinor?" she asked.

Elinor arose and Geoffrey was alone. He looked about him with a home sense that he had not experienced in a long time; then he arose and sauntered about the room, his hands in his pockets, softly whistling to himself, now and then touching here a book and there a chair with lingering hand. At last he confronted his own image in the long, narrow mirror which extended across the high mantel. A dark face, with shadowy circles beneath the large, pathetic eyes, and stern lines about the mouth greeted him. With a sigh and a shrug of his shoulder, he plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, and turning to the window, drew aside the curtains and looked out on the night.

His view was intercepted by a thick mist settling down so heavily that it induced a sense of suffocation, and almost seemed to muffle the sound of the water splashing up on the beach. Near at hand the naked branches of the trees loomed up like shadowy giants, and the moisture enveloping them dripped slowly and mournfully upon the sodden ground beneath. He drew back with a shiver into the bright room aglow with the gleam of the lamps and the crimson flashing of the firelight.

Did he think then of the inextricable thread into which the strands of Life and Nature are twisted? And the inscrutable manner in which the different moods of Nature affect the fortunes of mankind? Was there no premonition of the blind path of two steamers with their sleeping human freight, feeling their way through all that waste of waters and whirl of mist straight to each other as the needle to the loadstone; diminishing mile by mile the distance between them, yet never swerving from their horrible directness?

Did there not come to him in some faint undertone the awful crash of the mammoth vessels; the splintering of bulwark and deck; the piercing shrieks of women and children; the shouts and groans of strong men's dying agony; the despairing call of a well-known voice, "O Charles!



Geoffrey! Charles! where are you? oh! where are you?" and the frantic cry of a stalwart man, "Thalia, my God, Thalia?"

Did there no vision drift across his mind of a white, upturned face with a wealth of shining hair flung out like molten gold, and a white-robed figure struggling for an instant upon the surface of the black water, then vanishing forever; or of the insensible form of a man, with the face of his friend, drawn over the side of a life-boat by a strong and willing arm?

Strange, that such calamities do not shout forth with a voice that should ring throughout the air to all mankind, for when the master-chord that binds Humanity together has been so rudely struck, it would seem but natural that all should mourn together.

In the young hours of that dreary morning, the steamers Connecticut and Massasoit collided on Long Island Sound, over one hundred lives being launched into eternity, and poor, pretty Thalia Allston paid with her shallow life for the fatal indulgence of an arbitrary whim.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

FOR weeks Charles Marsden laid delirious, his life hanging in the balance and needing but the weight of a feather to turn the scales either way. The agony and suspense of mind under which he had labored for the past six months had commenced the work that a severe blow received during that night of horror had completed. Thrown thus helpless on the hands of his friends, his illness seemed to them a merciful distraction in their unhappiness; and Geoffrey Allston, burying his own trouble as far as possible, devoted himself night and day to his friend. Words that harrowed his very soul fell upon his ears from Charles Marsden's lips. Low mutterings, mingled with agonizing calls and the name of Geoffrey's dead wife, was ever interspersed with frantic efforts of assistance.

But there was apparently another all-absorbing topic that tormented the poor, sick brain, and Geoffrey listened with concentrated attention to incomprehensible sentences containing hints of hidden transactions the bare idea of which filled his mind with an uneasy dread.

This evening Geoffrey Allston sat at a small table under the shaded light with a pile of letters before him addressed to Charles. Marsden's illness had been of so long duration that it had necessitated a reluctant attention to his correspondence from his friends, and this had been faithfully accomplished, so far as lay in his power, by Geoffrey. All but one letter had received attention, and that, bearing a foreign postmark, was left to the last. With a weary sigh he opened it, and seeing that it was a friendly letter from Marsden's friend, Buckingham, placed it unread, with

others of the same description, in a pile by themselves. There are times in which it seems as if the mind, grasping some fragment of that which lies under its notice, retains it unconsciously, and so it was even now with Geoffrey, for as he glanced over the letter the words "twenty-five thousand dollars" met his eye, and fastened itself without suspicion in his memory. He dropped his head on his hands, shielding his eyes from the light, that from behind its screen threw grotesque and threatening shadows over the sick-chamber. No connected thought manifested itself, but rather a chaotic medley of retrospect, coming up by no effort of the mind and fading out before it could be recognized; he was simply conscious of an overpowering fatigue and misery. The figure on the bed lay motionless, save for the short and feeble breathing and an occasional restless movement of the head.

The clock across the way struck in mournful tones the hour of midnight. Suddenly Charles opened his eyes, that burnt with the lurid light of fever, and sat up in bed. Geoffrey started to his side, and of the two an observer might have pronounced him to have been the patient instead of the nurse, so drawn and white was his face. He was about to lay his hand upon Charles in the effort to calm his excitement, when the words of the sick man rooted him to the spot with a feeling akin to terror.

Fastening his brilliant eyes upon Geoffrey's face, Charles spoke, in a low, even tone:

"Stay, you have found me out at last, and you know me now for what I am—the man who robbed his friend. Yea, sir, I am he; the books of the mill will show that, and Buckingham clamoring for his money will corroborate it. What shall you do in the matter? Why, do your duty, of course. I shall inform upon you if you do not. Here," he exclaimed, holding out his thin hands toward Geoffrey, but drew back shuddering, and continued speaking in a beseeching, feeble tone; "I cannot submit to that; mercy! I beseech; I will go with you without resistance, I give you my honor I will—my honor, gentlemen;" then, with a dreadful laugh, he fell back upon his pillow exhausted, muttering to himself.

Geoffrey drew his hands across his eyes; was he, too, going mad? The mutterings continued, and in miserable suspense he bent over the bed, hoping the next words of the sick man would sweep away the nightmare of horror that he felt was laying its deadly hand upon him.

Charles's tone changed and grew ineffably tender.

"Do you not see, gentlemen? the woman I loved was near to death. Could I let her die for the sake of a paltry sum of money? O Elinor! sweet love, what does it signify if you are happy, for I have loved you better than any one else ever

loved you, even when you were wearing out your heart and life for Allston. Do not turn away your head. Look at me with your earnest eyes, and lay your soft, cool hand across my forehead, for it burns, it burns. Thalia," he suddenly raved, struggling to rise, "the life preserver, quick—ah, my God!" His voice dropped low from exhaustion, and he lay quietly, his lips moving in response to the incoherent images called up by his delirium.

Geoffrey quickly slipped his arm under his head, and administered the quieting draught on the stand. Gradually the incessant mutterings dwindled into disconnected words, which slowly ceased as the medicine took effect, until once again all was silent in the sick-room, and Geoffrey, completely unnerved, sat thinking.

How far these ravings might prove to be the effect of diseased imagination was uncertain, but that there was a germ of truth in Charles Marsden's words, Geoffrey could not doubt. His reference to Elinor and the mill must be explained, he must see and know exactly how affairs stood, for the terrible experience of the past two months had so completely absorbed his capacity of thought and feeling that it had excluded all other interest from his life.

If all proved as he feared it might, his friend must be protected at all risks, for that Charles had always been the soul of honor Geoffrey knew, and he felt instinctively that a pressure of the very strongest kind must have been brought to bear upon him ere he would have listened for an instant to the faintest whisper that would have tended to cast even a shadow upon his fair fame. Elinor could undoubtedly put him upon the trail he wanted, but it must be done in such a way as not to arouse her suspicions. The books of the mill must be inspected and made to reveal the secret, if secret there was, at which Charles had hinted, and the sooner this was accomplished the better.

He glanced at the motionless figure on the bed. Charles had fallen into a quieter sleep than he had known for many weeks, and Geoffrey, bending over him, noticed that his breathing was more regular. Relieved, he sat down once again and wrote a line to Elinor, appointing the following afternoon at Windy Point for a review of the accounts.

"I shall have to leave you a few hours, poor old fellow," he muttered, glancing at Charles, "but I can probably do you better service in that way just now than in any other." He moved about the sick-room with the skill of a woman, arranging it in scrupulous order, until finally, with the bright light of the new day, came a soft knock at the door, and in answer to his low "Come in," Drusilla Hopewell entered the room.

"Good morning, Drusilla," said Geoffrey, with

a look of relief, as her tall, straight figure greeted his eyes, "I am delighted to see you."

"Morning, Mr. Geoffrey," replied Drusilla, speaking from the depths of the closet into which she had vanished to deposit her cloak and "goloshes," which "goloshes" consisted of a huge pair of rubber overshoes, and without which she never ventured out of doors from the first of November until the middle of May.

"How's Charles, this morning?" she inquired, reappearing in sight. "I came early, for I guessed you wanted a rest. Tommy Prince was up and off right smart and early, so I thought I'd come along with him. Be you goin' out to Windy Point to-day. Elinor's frettin' herself to death, an' I wish you would if you could. It's 'bout time she was through with those nasty books"—Drusilla never mentioning the accounts of the mill by any other designation. So saying, she glanced significantly at Geoffrey, and proceeded to tie on over her dress a long and exquisitely white apron.

She leaned over Charles and laid her hand on his head. "He's a scrimpion better to-day," she said, in a satisfied tone; "the fever aint runnin' so high, and his breathin's better. Now, Mr. Geoffrey, if you want to go to your room, I'm goin' to stay all day, and I aint goin' to want you nuther, so you jist take a run out to Windy Point and see Elinor awhile."

"Thank you, Drusilla," replied Geoffrey, gratefully, "I shall be glad to go if I can, for there is business that ought to be looked after immediately, and I haven't seen Elinor for several days. I'm sure I don't know what we would all do without you." So saying, he took up his hat and the pile of letters, the result of his night's watching, and left the room.

Drusilla looked after him and shook her head. "You'll be sick on my hands, too, if you don't take care of yourself. Poor soul," she muttered compassionately, "you've had an awful hard time; maybe now you'll have more peace," and screwing up her lips and shaking her head wisely, settled to her self-imposed task of care for the sick man. A few hours later and Geoffrey was at Windy Point.

"Come in," replied Elinor's clear voice to his knock, and Geoffrey stepped into the library and the presence of the woman who, unconsciously but rapidly, was becoming a necessity in his life.

The spring air, laden with the sweet breath of blossom and earthy odors, floated in through the open casement, mingling with the glad murmur of the waves and piping songs of birds. Gay sunshine flooded the room, and fell in broken bits of shade and light upon the floor. Outside, the vines crept around the quaint old window, their baby leaves just opening to the warming light; on the table a bowl of wood violets, purple and white,

freshened their delicate tints with the more decided yellow of the daffodils, and in the fireplace a dancing blaze tempered the cool spring atmosphere.

A glad light was in Elinor's eyes raised to Geoffrey with a heartfelt welcome.

Geoffrey took both hands and turned her to where the full, bright light shone upon her white face.

"Little woman," he said, "I have come at last to lift your burden. Are you not glad?"

"I am glad that you have come, Geoffrey," she softly answered, "but I have loved my work, and I shall be loath to part with it."

His eyes filled, and he turned away abruptly.

"Tell me, Geoffrey," Elinor said, following him to the window, where he stood looking far out over the beautiful, treacherous water, "how is Charles?"

"Better, decidedly, I am happy to say, Elinor," he replied. "I saw Dr. Moreson just before I left, and he seemed to think that Marsden, after all, stood a good chance of pulling through, thanks to his good constitution and temperate habits."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," and a keen feeling of pleasure flushed Elinor's cheek and brightened her eyes. "But I do not see," she continued, "how he could fail to recover with two such good nurses as you and Drusilla have proved to be. I think if I were dead, such care would bring me back to life."

"Hush, Elinor," ejaculated Geoffrey, drawing toward him a heavy account-book that laid on the table, "we could not spare you even long enough to make such an experiment."

"Are you cold?" questioned Elinor, closing the window; "how you shiver, Geoffrey."

"No," he replied, "I imagine I am a little nervous; it is nothing," and he opened the heavy book.

"I would not worry over the accounts now, Geoffrey," pleaded Elinor, "you are too weary, and there is no absolute need of it at present."

"It must come sooner or later," he replied, "and indeed, it will be a welcome distraction to me; besides, it is abominably selfish to allow you to shoulder my cares one moment longer than I can help."

Elinor laid her finger on her lips with a smile and a shake of the head, then, drawing a chair up to the table, together they went over the history of the Phoenix Mill for the past year and a half.

With increasing concern, Geoffrey's eyes traveled down row after row of figures and accounts in perfect silence, save an occasional word of explanation from Elinor, and the afternoon shadows grew longer, as hour after hour passed in this way.

Presently Elinor left the room to give some necessary orders, when suddenly a slight excla-

mation escaped Geoffrey's lips, as an entry showed the name of Charles Marsden, credited with the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars by the Phoenix Mill as debtor. He bent earnestly forward, and noting the date and amount in his memorandum-book, he proceeded to the end, reading in each successive page the story of a frail woman's struggles and endurance.

So she, with her brave, loving heart, had faced all this sea of difficulty and given no sign, whilst he pursued his pleasure. And what remained to him?—a handful of withered leaves!

It is a positive misery to be possessed of quick imagination and keen sympathies, and Geoffrey Allston was no exception to the rest of mortals in this respect.

He closed the books, and rising, paced the room, a tumult in head and heart.

Elinor, entering, looked up in astonishment to find her arm grasped by Geoffrey.

"Why did you not let me know, Elinor?" he spoke, passionately, almost shaking her in his excitement. "What a contemptible wretch you make me seem in my own eyes. O poor, dear head!" he excitedly exclaimed, throwing his arms about her and drawing down her head upon his broad breast; "poor, dear head, that has thought so much for me," he continued, speaking to himself, stroking and patting her face as he brokenly spoke.

She struggled in vain to free herself, her face scarlet and tears in her eyes; hot tears and kisses rained upon her head and face, and she was strained still closer to his heart, that through all its prison bars made its tumultuous life felt. Mustering all her strength, she pushed him from her.

"Geoffrey, you forget yourself," she said, sobbing bitterly, her face hidden in her hands.

He stood with bent head and clinched hands.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, in a smothered voice; "I did indeed forget myself; forgive me, sweet Elinor, for from my soul I reverence and respect you."

"It is granted, Geoffrey," she replied, holding out her hand with an April smile of tears and sunshine, and sitting in the spring twilight they discussed their plans and the outlook of the mill, with many a peaceful prospect dawning before them.

"Elinor," said Geoffrey, after some moments of preoccupied thought, "this debt of Marsden's must be paid off at once, for I fear it must inconvenience him greatly if it is his own money, and if it is the loan of a friend I know him well enough to be aware how heavily such an obligation would weigh upon him."

"But I do not see, Geoffrey," replied Elinor, anxiously, "that the condition of the mill will warrant such a repayment at present."

"I do not mean to draw upon the resources of the mill, Elinor," replied Geoffrey, leaning forward and speaking earnestly; "you know I have other means in Government bonds, and some of these must be converted into cash or transferred to Charles at once."

Elinor made a gesture of disapproval, but answered:

"Of course, Geoffrey, I shall in a very short time lay down my power as guardian and you will be your own master; but I do most decidedly dislike to see the bonds touched, so securely are they invested and so uncertain is the future of the mill; take my advice and do not use them."

"Do not feel hurt, Elinor, if I differ from you," replied Geoffrey, gently; "this debt will be a dead weight upon my energies until it is repaid, and I wish to enter into possession of my property unencumbered by a single obligation of this kind."

"I am so sorry about it, Geoffrey," began Elinor.

"Please do not talk so, Elinor," interrupted Geoffrey; "your management was admirable, and had I been at the head of affairs throughout that crisis all would have gone to destruction, I am sure. You have done for me that which I can never repay and shall never forget so long as I live, and I am sure you will forgive me if my first act of inheritance will be in opposition to your will. Believe me, I shall not allow you to feel as though I wished to assert my independence, for I simply could not do without your influence on my life."

"Well," sighed Elinor, resignedly, "I suppose there's no use to say anything more about it. Of course, I shall be glad to have Charles repaid as soon as possible, and I am sure that your judgment is sufficiently good for me to trust to."

To tell the truth, there was a delicious sense of relief in the feeling that here at least had been something decided for her, and a strong hand that had come to lift a weight of responsibility from her shoulders.

The spring opened into a blooming summer, and Charles Marsden, after the crisis of his illness had passed, slowly gained health and strength under the shadow of the honeysuckle, and in the fresh salt breeze that waved them about the porches and in at the windows of Windy Point.

Once more he and Geoffrey sat in the old library with the silvery moonlight streaming in at the window, putting to shame the dying embers of the fire on the hearth, but with a change in the situation, for Geoffrey Allston's twenty-third birthday had come and gone, and he was now his own master. Charles, stretched out in an invalid chair, looked the shadow of himself, and his face was haggard through mental anxiety, rendering

the traces of his recent sickness more apparent than ever.

Geoffrey's tall form, indistinct in the twilight, paced to and fro with measured step, now in moonlight, now in the deep shadow, and Elinor's voice came to them in a faint, sweet song from some distant part of the house.

Suddenly Geoffrey stopped behind Charles, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Marsden," he quietly said, "I have wanted many times to thank you for your kind loan to me"—he could feel the thin shoulder beneath his hand wince and quiver, but he went on—"but I have feared to speak to you before now of business matters. I am more grateful to you and Elinor than I can express, and I have to-day paid," in the dim light he saw the languid head turn in an attitude of intense listening, "to your account the amount of your loan, twenty-five thousand dollars, and interest."

Charles's head dropped upon his breast, and Geoffrey felt under his hand the wasted frame shaken by a hard-drawn breath, and quietly withdrawing, he left Charles Marsden to a merciful solitude.

From that moment Charles rapidly gained health and strength, but there was no accession of interest or energy in his business, and his life seemed likely to drift into a listless, indifferent state, from which in vain his friends tried to rouse him, a quiet, sad brooding having become habitual to him.

One evening, after a conversation which turned upon word just received from Ned Buckingham, Charles retired to his room early, and, throwing himself into a chair, reperused the letter from his friend. Buckingham wrote:

"Come out to us. There is an illimitable field for a good lawyer, no end of cases, and very few who are competent to manage them. One feels in this new country as though he had been remade, with his life to begin all over, and with all the possibilities and dreams of youth returning to urge him on. Old civilizations can never give the incentive that a new one does, for with you, people are obliged to conform to one universal pattern, here there are no fetters to trammel them, and they can develop in the manner which is indigenous to themselves. In fact, there is a snap and spring to life out here that is the best possible stimulus to a weary man."

Charles dropped the letter, and sat thinking.

The events of the last year passed rapidly in review before him. The terrible torture of mind and the harrowing experiences he had undergone rendered the same old scenes almost insupportable to him. With wretched misery he had noted day by day the gradual drifting together of the woman



he loved and the man who had shown so much of true and faithful friendship for him, and to whom he suspected he owed more than life—the salvation of his honorable name.

"O my God!" he groaned, "I cannot give her up. It's worse than death to me to watch her sweet eyes rest on Allston, unconsciously full of that which I would give my soul to possess, and he—God bless him!—he's a noble fellow, if there ever was one created; but I cannot bear the sight of Elinor—my Elinor, that should have been—the wife of any one, not even his. Yes, the time and opportunity have both come, and I will go; it is best so. All right, Buckingham," he continued, with a gesture toward the letter on the table; "I will be with you sooner than you think for. I have nothing left me here, and my life is worthless to me, so I will come, and that quickly."

In pursuance with this resolution, he made his arrangements quietly and speedily, engaging his passage to Australia, and finally settling all his affairs, ere he intimated his intention to his friends. He felt he could not trust himself to a discussion with Elinor and Geoffrey, and with the cruel kindness of a surgeon determined that his farewell visit should be the single occasion on which he and Elinor should speak on the subject.

The afternoon before his departure, Geoffrey, busy in his counting-room at the mill, was surprised by a visit from Charles Marsden, who, in a few concentrated words, informed him of his intention, and the final adieux were spoken in the midst of remonstrances from Geoffrey, whom Charles left standing in the middle of the office with a look of astonishment on his face that was actually ludicrous.

Rapidly driving into Windy Point, Charles tied his horse at the gate under the shadow of the trees and went around to the back porch, where he felt sure he would find Elinor.

The sight of the dear, familiar objects almost unmanned him, and he was obliged to summon all his resolution to his aid, the restraint making his manner unnaturally hard and cold. Elinor was bending over some feminine work, and looked up to greet him with a smile that faded into an anxious glance in his face.

Charles was ill at ease, and finally plunged into the midst of the subject abruptly.

"Elinor," he said, "I am going away. I have come to say good-bye."

She looked up quickly.

"Yes," he went on desperately, "I sail to-morrow for Australia."

"Australia!" echoed Elinor, in a trembling voice.

He turned his face away and continued, in a harsh, strained tone:

"Yes, they say it is the best thing for me, and

I know—I know it is; therefore I've come to say good-bye to you."

"Good-bye?—to me?" repeated Elinor, with clasped hands and terrified eyes; "O Charles! what do you mean? I could not have believed you would have played so cruel a joke upon me," and yet she felt, with a sorrowful instinct, that he spoke in dreadful earnest.

"Forgive me, Elinor," he replied, rising, "I did not mean to break this news to you so suddenly, but go I must, and I did not wish to cause you more unhappiness than was necessary. Oh! you will miss me, of course, dear Elinor"—his voice grew husky as Elinor's sobs fell upon his ear—"but you have other friends, who will take my place after awhile."

She made a gesture of indignant denial.

"Charles," she sobbed, "you are cruel; I have not deserved this at your hands."

His self-command was fast deserting him.

"Come, Elinor, cheer up," he spoke with effort, summoning all his will; "I shall return before long and shall have quantities to tell you."

She made no reply, indeed, she could not; an overwhelming sense of loss clutched her heart and rendered her dumb.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand.

Still she did not raise her head.

Well, 'twas better thus; and he turned to go.

At the door he paused and looked around him, and in all his after life, whether in the Bush or on the Bench, Charles Marsden needed but to close his eyes and a vision of the dear old place, with its central, weeping figure, would arise before him.

She raised her head and looked at him, with her soul in her great gray eyes.

Back to her side he strode, and, taking her in his arms, looked long and starvingly in her face. "God keep you, my dear love, forever and forever," then kissed her, with a great sob, and was gone.

She stood for one moment as if rooted to the spot, then, reaching out her arms toward the place where he had stood, started forward, with an agonized cry:

"O my friend! my friend! what shall I do without you?"

All grew dark about her as she faltered along, then everything whirled around her, and she fell fainting at Geoffrey Allston's feet as he entered the doorway.

He raised her tenderly in his strong arms and laid her on the sofa, and, sinking on one knee beside her, leaned his cheek against her white face and whispered in her unheeding ear:

"Look up, my love, my dear; for whithersoever thou goest from this time forth, there will I be at your side for all eternity."

[THE END.]



## THE CAROL.

Arrangement of ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:

*mf* "Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."

*A little slower.*

*pp* The world in sol - emn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

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|---|---|
| <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come,<br/>With peaceful wings unfurled;<br/>And still their heavenly music floats<br/>O'er all the weary world:<br/>Above its sad and lowly plains<br/>They bend on hovering wing,<br/>And ever o'er its Babel sounds<br/>The blessed angels sing.</p> <p>3 But with the woes of sin and strife<br/>The world has suffered long;<br/>Beneath the angel-strain have rolled<br/>Two thousand years of wrong;<br/>And man at war with man, hears not<br/>The love-song that they bring:<br/>Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,<br/>And hear the angels sing!</p> | <p>4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load<br/>Whose forms are bending low,<br/>Who toil along the climbing way<br/>With painful steps and slow,<br/>Look now! for glad and golden hours<br/>Come swiftly on the wing;<br/>Oh! rest beside the weary road,<br/>And hear the angels sing!</p> <p>5 For lo! the days are hastening on,<br/>By prophet-bards foretold,<br/>When with the ever-circling years<br/>Comes round the age of gold:<br/>When peace shall over all the earth<br/>Its ancient splendors fling,<br/>And the whole world send back the song<br/>That now the angels sing!</p> |
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THE Christmas season has always been associated in this country with feasting and merry-making. As far back as we have any records of the social life of our ancestors in the mother country we find accounts of the feasts they were wont to make at this season; and the family archives of many of our oldest families contain the particulars and the bills of fare of the good eating provided for the entertainment of themselves and their retainers at Christmas. It is also worthy of note that many of the dishes with which we are accus-

tomed to supply our tables at the present time are the same as those which pleased the palates of our forefathers; while many other items of their Christmas dinners, which figure no longer in our bills of fare, are still found in some places where Christmas is kept after the good old fashion. It is our intention to give a short account of Christmas fare in the olden time, which will no doubt prove as interesting to the general reader as to the antiquary.

Curious particulars have come down to us of the great feasts with which our sovereigns in early times kept their Christmases; and in some cases we find even their favorite dishes at these royal celebrations. Thus, cranes were the favorite dish with Henry II; and on one occasion we are informed that Henry III directed the Sheriff of Gloucester to buy twenty salmon to be put into pies for his Christmas.

"The salmon, king of fish,  
Fills with good cheer the Christmas dish;"

and the Sheriff of Sussex had to provide ten brawns, with the heads, and ten peacocks, for the same feast in Westminster Hall. Richard II kept his Christmas at Lichfield in 1398, where two hundred tuns of wine and two thousand oxen were consumed! Edward III was a right royal provider of Christmas cheer. In his time the art of cookery was well understood, and the making of blanc-manges, tarts, and pies, and the preparing

of rich soups, was among the cook's duties at this period. French cooks were employed by the nobility; and in the merchant's feasts we find jellies of all colors and in all figures—flowers, trees, beasts, fish, fowl, and fruit.

Among the dishes served up when Richard II feasted ten thousand persons on the occasion of his house warming at Westminster Hall, the boar's head was first at the feast and foremost on the board. Heralded by a jubilant flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by strains of merry minstrelsy, it was carried—on a dish of gold or silver, no meaner metal would suffice—into the banqueting-hall by the sewer, who, as he advanced at the head of the stately procession of nobles, knights, and ladies, sang:

*"Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.  
The boar's head in hand bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary;  
I pray you all sing merrily,  
Qui estis in convivio."*

Mince-pies were popular under the name of "mutton-pies" so early as 1596, later authorities all agreeing in substituting neat's-tongue in the place of mutton, the remaining ingredients being much the same as those recommended in modern recipes. They were also known as shred and Christmas pies:

"Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die,  
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry!"

In Herrick's time it was customary to set a watch upon the pies on the night before Christmas, lest sweet-toothed thieves should lay felonious fingers on them; the jovial vicar sings:

"Come guard the Christmas pie,  
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,  
With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh,  
To catch it,  
From him, who all alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his ear,  
And a deal of nightly fear,  
To watch it."

## HOW TO DRESS BECOMINGLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

## BRIDAL TROUSSEAUX—(Continued).

IT is best to consider well, before making any purchases, the sum of money that can be expended, and to deduct from this an amount sufficient to cover the *must haves*. This will prevent perplexity and disappointment and effectually keep at bay the dreadful fear that the money is not going to hold out.

In arranging for a moderate trousseau, underclothes in dozens are not necessary in these days of sewing-machines and ladies' furnishing-stores, six linen and six muslin garments of each kind being sufficient. If linen is not worn, its place can be supplied by thinner muslin; and it should be remembered that fineness of material is always to be preferred to profuse trimming—a nicely made garment of good muslin, with only a row of fine cord stitched in the band by way of ornament, being far more ladylike than coarse goods made up in a showy manner. Not that prettily trimmed clothes are undesirable, only that cheap trimming will not disguise poor material.

Fine ruffings of linen cambric edged with narrow lace does not wear well, but it is charmingly pretty. The fine Torchon lace makes a very nice trimming; and a pretty style of chemise is made with a straight band covered with a puff of Victoria lawn or mull muslin, edged on either side with lace and having a ribbon run through the puff. Neck and sleeves are, of course, alike, while the front may be finely tucked, with a puff down the centre; small bows of ribbon should finish the end of this puff, as well as the middle of neck and sleeves. This is very dressy and becoming for anything so simple, and the ribbons are easily removed and replaced when the garment is laundered.

The same trimming is also desirable for night-dresses, which should be divided into thin and thicker ones, and two of each might be more elaborately made than the others. A broad hem at the bottom is handsomer than a narrow one; and the prettiest pearl and lace buttons should be used, of as small a size as will be serviceable.

Six corset-covers—three plain and three handsome ones—will be needed. One pair of handsome embroidered corsets, two pairs of plain ones, and a colored pair for traveling—all of which should be of good material and fit perfectly. The very best will be found more satisfactory, although more expensive, than any others.

Stockings and handkerchiefs should be in dozens—one dozen of thick cotton hose for winter wear and one dozen of fine thread. Colors are now so universally worn that white stockings have quite an odd appearance, and it gives an air of completeness to the dress to have the hose of the same color.

A dozen fine handkerchiefs and a dozen of inferior quality, with half a dozen embroidered ones, would be a good supply.

A dozen pairs of kid gloves—besides undressed kid and thread for traveling, lace mitts, etc., for

other occasions—are an abundance. There should be three or four pairs of walking-boots—one pair thick and substantial, the others of fine French kid—with slippers for morning and evening wear and more dressy boots for parties.

Three short white skirts and six long ones are needed; three embroidered flannel skirts and three plain ones; dressing sacques, wrappers, etc., at discretion; flannel unders and other necessities.

A bride's traveling-dress should be as handsome as possible—silk or poplin being the most elegant; and it may be more dressy as to details than ordinary traveling-dresses. A pretty and becoming hat should be carefully selected to match the dress, and gloves, boots, and *lingerie* must be unexceptionable.

The wedding-dress is, of course, the climax of all, and this should, if possible, be white. It always seems like a poor, half wedding when the bride is married in a colored dress, even if it be her traveling-suit, but reasons of economy, as well as other considerations, sometimes make this a necessity. On the other hand, the wedding-dress should not be too handsome for the rest of the bridal outfit and the position which the bride is to occupy; it should merely form a suitable crown to the other preparations.

The French bridal costume is very simple; "the noblest born and wealthiest maidens go to the bridal arrayed in soft white tulle over white silk, a long veil of white tulle reaching to the ground, and a wreath of maiden-blush roses interwoven with orange blossoms. No jewelry is worn, nor is costly lace or elaborate trimmings allowed. In England, the richest lace is worn over satin; the veil is of costly lace, the wreath elaborate, and pearls and diamonds of great value are selected for wedding-jewelry."

The materials for wedding-dresses vary in quality and price, the only fixed rule being whiteness throughout. Years ago white satin and orange blossoms were the orthodox uniform of brides; but now lace over silk heavy corded, or plain silk, alpaca, India muslin, white organdy, almost any white material that can be made into a dress, are all used.

The traditional orange blossoms are sometimes mixed with other flowers and sometimes they are entirely absent, their place being supplied by lilies of the valley, roses, or white lilacs. The veil should be very long and full, the material being of rich lace, illusion, or fine tulle. It is fastened to the wreath; and fashion decides whether it shall cover the face or fall over the back hair.

The boots or slippers are of white satin or kid, and no jewelry but pearls or diamonds is suitable for a bride.

The following description of a wedding-dress is beautiful in its simplicity:

"She wore a dress of heavy silk, long-trained, the cream-white folds, unspoiled by any frippery of lace, took as they dropped around her the shade

and convolutions of a lily. Upon her bosom and fastening her veil were deep green leaves, that gave the contrast against which a lily rests itself. Around her throat were links of frosted silver, from which hung a pure, plain silver cross. The veil, of point and rarely beautiful, fell back

from her head—lovely in its shape, and the simple wreathing of the dark, soft hair—like a drift of water-spray, not covering or misting her all over, only lending a touch of delicate suggestion to the pure, cool, graceful, flower-like unity of her whole air and apparel."

## Mother's' Department.



THE BABIE.

**N**AE shoon to hide her tiny tae,  
Nae stockin' on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snaw,  
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimplit chin,  
Her puckered lips and baumy mou',  
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,  
Twa gentle, liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face:  
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,  
A giftie God gied us:  
We maun na luve the gift owre weel;  
'Twad be nae blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,  
An' see Him in the given;  
An' sae she'll lend us up to Him,  
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

### A MOTHER'S LESSON.

**O** DEAR! O dear! the children are so troublesome; they have not given me a moment's peace all day!" exclaimed a tired mother, as she leaned her head wearily upon her hand.

Suddenly the door-bell rang, and the next moment a bright-faced little woman entered the room.

"Why, Effie, what is the matter with you? one would think you had lost all your friends?" said the little woman, in the cheeriest voice imaginable.

"The children—"

"There, Effie, don't say another word. My little ones are just the age of yours and just as troublesome (if you choose to use that word, but I think the word *active* had better be substituted)."

"I don't know how it is, Helen. You have as many children, yet you get along a great deal better than I. Your children never appear to worry you, and you are not too tired to put on the pretty frills and ribbons that we were so fond of when we were girls together at dear old 'Marchmont.'"

The recollection of "old times" brought a flush to Effie Dalton's cheek, and for a moment she seemed like the happy girl of days gone by.

Shrewd little Mrs. Grahame noted the change in her appearance, and smiled, as she replied:

"Yes, indeed, those were happy days for both of us; but I am just as happy now, even if I do have cares and worries. You know, Effie, that

'Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.'

There never was a cloud that did not have a silver lining, and it is ever so much to look on the bright side. I will come to-morrow, if you will let me, and reveal to you the secret of how I manage my babies."

"Yes, indeed, I shall be delighted to have you come, Helen; but I can assure you that we will have very little opportunity for a great deal of conversation, the children are so noisy and—"

"Not another word, Effie. I cannot be frightened into staying away," said Mrs. Grahame, as she bade her friend good-night.

When Mrs. Grahame made her appearance the following morning, she found the juvenile portion of the Dalton family in a state of open revolt. Joe and Justin, the twins, were rolling about the floor screaming furiously, because their efforts to deposit the contents of a great white bowl upon the carpet had been unsuccessful.

Fred and Amy were in an exceedingly bad humor because mamma had declared that the garden was damp and forbidden them to go out of the house.

"It is always the way. Mamma won't let us go out and she won't have our playthings around in the house. She always says 'No' to everything," said Amy, in a low tone, to her brother.

"Did you ever see such naughty children, Helen? you see how they worry me." Do you wonder that I become discouraged?" said Mrs. Dalton.

While her friend was speaking Mrs. Grahame opened a small green bag which she held in her hand, and taking therefrom two bright-colored rubber balls, rolled one toward each crying child.

"See the pretty ball. Catch it, dear!" she said.

The children ceased crying instantly, and were soon rolling the balls around the floor and laughing merrily.

Turning to Fred, Mrs. Grahame said:

"Run into the kitchen and bring me a cup half filled with rice and another holding the same quantity of beans. Amy can go with you and help carry the cups."

The two children were interested immediately, and with brightened faces started to procure the desired articles.

"Is that a part of the 'secret'?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Curb your curiosity, and you will know in due time," replied Mrs. Grahame, merrily.

By this time Fred and Amy had returned.

"Get your tin dishes and your little scales, Amy; put them on this low table—it will make the nicest kind of a counter. Fred can be 'customer' for awhile and you will be 'storekeeper'; then you can change places."

"Here are some pieces of paper that will do nicely to wrap up your sales. Take your pocket scissors and cut round pieces of paper of different sizes; here is a pencil; you can make one, two, three, five, and ten cent pieces. Keep them in this pretty box; it will not do to lose your 'money.' You must not forget to look after the babies; they are having a famous time with the balls. Mamma and I will be in presently to see how you are getting along," said Mrs. Grahame as she moved toward the door.

When the door had closed behind them Mrs. Dalton said:

"I declare, Helen, you do take a great deal of trouble."

"It is just the least bit of trouble, but I will be more than repaid if the 'secret' proves successful in this case."

The two friends seated themselves at their sewing; every little while they heard a shout of merry laughter. One, two, hours pass away.

"It does seem delightful to be able to have a quiet chat. I do not wonder that you are so cosy and good-natured. Do your children always amuse themselves in this way?"

"They are not always so quiet. Let us take a peep at the children," suggested Mrs. Grahame.

They opened the nursery door without making the least noise and gazed at the scene within.

The twins had been pressed into service and stood in front of the "counter" making purchases. Their chubby hands were filled with small packages and they were handing out "money" in the most reckless manner.

Mrs. Grahame closed the door and, turning toward her friend, said:

"Do you see into my 'secret,' Effie? Children crave employment. I am constantly devising new plans for the amusement and instruction of my children. 'Playing store' is sure to prove a

source of great amusement on a rainy day. When they become tired of playing make them understand that clearing away the disorder they have created is a good way to help mamma 'keep house.' They will be very proud to know that they can help you, and it is a good way to teach them self-reliance.

"Then, on baking day, instead of having the little ones hang around you, pull at your skirts, and cry for things they ought not to have, give each child a small piece of dough, some flour, a little rolling pin, and a few tin plates. You will be surprised to see how deft the chubby little fingers are at molding the dough and forming it into tiny cakes. You will be astonished, too, when you find that your baking is finished without the usual confusion attending 'baking day' in a family where there are small children.

"You will be repaid for the little trouble caused by having the children around you when you see their happy faces surrounding papa and begging him to 'take one just one little taste, 'cause I baked it my own self,' and papa feels bound to take one cake from each plate; and how they shout and laugh at the funny face he makes in his efforts to bite the precious cakes—they are so hard."

"You have indeed taught me a lesson, Helen, one that I never will forget," said Mrs. Dalton, as she clasped the hand of her friend within her own.

"We will take another look at the children, then I must be off. I know that my darlings have missed me to-day," said little Mrs. Grahame, as she opened the door of the nursery.

"O mamma! we have had a lovely time. Joe and Justin were so good!" exclaimed Amy.

"Look! Amy," said Fred, "mamma's cheeks are as red as yours, and she has dimples in them just like Joe's! I wish they would stay there all the time," said Fred, wistfully.

"So do I," whispered Amy.

"Me, too, me, too," lisped the twins, pursing their rosy lips for a kiss.

As Mrs. Dalton returned the caresses of her children, she breathed a silent prayer for strength to learn perfectly the lesson taught her, so that in the future her children could "rise up and call her blessed."

MARY AUGUSTA THURSTON.

ONE of the most touching pictures in the life of Margaret Fuller is that given in her letters to her husband and friends concerning her baby. It brings her nearer to us than any brilliant intellectual achievement. "When he smiles in his sleep, how it makes my heart beat!" she writes; "and all the solid happiness I have known has been at times when he went to sleep in my arms." One Christmas day there came some toys for the little Nino—a bird and a horse and a cat. She says: "It almost made me cry to see the kind of fearful rapture with which he regarded them; his legs and arms extended, fingers and toes quivering, mouth made up to a little round O, eyes dilated, for a long time he did not even wish to touch them. After he began to be was different with all three—loving with the bird, very wild and shouting with the horse, with the cat putting her face close to his, staring in her eyes, and then throwing her away." She



adds: "I feel remorse to think that I never gave children more toys in the course of my life. I regret all the money I ever spent on myself or

in little presents for grown people, hardened sinners. I did not know what pure delight could be bestowed."

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE CHILD'S FAITH. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was a cold evening, though there was but little fire in Mrs. Hoffman's stove; so little Frantz sat close by it, yet a slight feeling of discomfort from the chilliness mingled with his fancies, though his thoughts were far away.

His mother's wheel kept on, as it always did in the winter's long evenings, a low, humming sound, that had till now been very cheerful and pleasant to little Frantz; but somehow he forgot to notice it this night. Poor Frantz! he scarcely looked like himself, for his head was bent down, and his eyes seemed to be looking straight through the floor, so fixed and intense did his gaze seem.

Often and often did the mother's eye turn to her little boy, for never before had the joy-speaking eye of Frantz been so long bent to the earth; but still the mother said no word, till at last a deep sigh came from the parted lips of Frantz. Then his mother laid her hand softly upon his; yet even that gentle touch startled Frantz, so lost was he in thought, and when he quickly lifted his face and saw the questioning look of his mother, his pent up thoughts burst out at once.

"Oh! mother, in a week it will be the Christmas Day, and can I not have a Christmas tree?"

The mother's face looked sad, but only for a moment. She knew that the earnest wish of little Frantz was not likely to be realized; but she knew, too, that it was best for her boy to learn to bear cheerfully any crossing of his desires which must be; and she spoke more soothingly and gently than usual as she said:

"And what makes my little Frantz set his heart on that now? He has never had a Christmas tree before?"

"Oh! that is it," exclaimed Frantz, "I never had one; ever since I was a baby, mother, I have heard of the good Christ child who brings beautiful gifts to others; why does He never bring them to me? Am I worse than all the rest, mother?"

"No, no, Frantz;" so spoke the mother hastily; for in her heart arose a picture of the gentleness, the self-denying fortitude, of her little boy in the midst of trouble; his patience in sickness; his industry in health; his anxious care to help her in all that his little hands could do; "no, no, my Frantz! it is not that."

"Well, mother, but is there any reason? Oh! you do not know how I have dreamed and dreamed of a beautiful tree that I should have this Christmas; it was full of golden fruit and lighted tapers, and under it were laid gifts for you, dear mother; a new Bible with large print and a purse of money, so that you would not have to work so hard, and warm clothes that would never let you get cold; and oh! as I came along the street to-day, and saw the windows shining with

their loads of beautiful toys and gifts of all sorts, and saw the boys and girls running and shouting, and telling how they would not care for anything else when the Christmas Day was once come, and they would have their loaded tree—then, mother, all the dreams I have had since I can first remember came back; all you had told me of the good Christ-child and His love for little children; and I felt, mother, as if I was left out, and not loved among the rest."

"Dear Frantz," said the mother, "it was a sad, sad thought; do not let it come into your heart again. Oh! the Christ-child is always good, altogether loving, even when His love is shown in such ways that we do not clearly see it at once—come closer to me, Frantz."

Frantz saw in his mother's face a look of such deep tenderness that his heart grew full. He took his own little seat and sat close beside her and leaned his head against her knee, and the mother said gently:

"The Christ-child has given you beautiful gifts, my Frantz; He has given you life, and a warm, earnest heart; He has given you a mother who loves you so dearly; a home to shelter you; He gives us the light of day, and all the glorious things it reveals, and the stiller beauty of the night, and He gives us more than all, a hope of Heaven and a knowledge of the path to it. Are not these great gifts, Frantz?"

Frantz lifted his face; he did not speak, but his eyes were full of tears, and his mother knew that his heart said "yes."

So she went on: "These are the gifts we most need to make us happy; others may be good for us, but the Christ-child knows—knows better than we do—what we need. If it were good for us, He would give us all we wished for; but then we might not make a good use of His gifts, or we might grow proud of them, or be so wrapped up in the gifts as to forget the Giver. Ah! my Frantz, let us only ask for what is best for us to have, and He will give it; He loves to give, and only refuses what will hurt us."

Again little Frantz had bent his head on his hand, but now it was not sadness, only thought that was in his face, and he asked:

"How can we know what is best—what to ask for?"

"If it is not given, think it is best withheld, and be patient; if it is given, be thankful, and use the gift aright. See, Frantz," and the mother arose and took from the closet a small sum of money; "this is all I have; if any of this is spent for toys or play, I shall not have any to buy shoes for you or for me, and by this I know the Christ-child deems it best for me to be content with what is most necessary, and give up the pleasure of buying your beautiful golden fruit and colored tapers."

"Could I not do without shoes?" asked Frantz. "I would go so many errands for the old cobbler that he would mend my old ones, and oh! if that would make it all right."

"And I—should I do without shoes?" asked the mother.

Frantz looked down at the worn-out shoes he had on, and again his heart was full.

"Oh! no, mother, you must have shoes; but oh! how happy the boys must be whose mothers have shoes and can give them Christmas trees, too."

Long did Frantz lie awake that night and ponder over all his mother had said, and at last a thought sprang into his mind. It was not wrong to ask the Christ-child for what we wish, if we will only patiently bear the withholding; he would ask for the tree; but how? His mother had told him the Christ-child was ready to answer, and was always near. Frantz would write to his heart's wish in a letter and direct it to "The Christ-child."

And early in the fair morning Frantz wrote the letter; and when he met his mother, his face was once more the gay, bright face of old, for in his pocket was the paper which seemed to him a warrant of coming joy, and in his heart was a feeling very like certainty that his wish would be granted; yet he did not speak of it; it was his first, his glad, darling secret, and it should be a great surprise to his mother; so he only looked joyful and kissed her, and she laid her hand on his head, and said how glad she was to see her boy so patient and cheerful once more.

Frantz did many little acts of kindness and industry that day, for in his heart was a fountain of hope and love, and he wished to help every one; but busy as he was, he did not forget to drop his precious letter in the post-office. When the postmaster came to look over the letters, of course he was much surprised at this one of Frantz, with so strange a direction; but in a moment he saw that it was in a child's hand, and he opened the letter. It ran thus:

"GOOD CHRIST-CHILD:—I am a poor little boy, but I have a good mother who has taught me many things about you; and she has said that you are kind and good and love little children, and delight to give them gifts, so that they are not hurtful ones. Now, my mother is kind, too, and would like to give me all I want; but she is poor, and when I asked her for a Christmas tree she could not give me one, because she had only money enough to buy shoes for us. So I ask you, who are kind and rich, to give me one. I hope I am not a bad boy; I am sure my mother does not think I am; and if it is best for me not to have the tree I will try to be patient and bear it as a good boy should; but I don't see what hurt a large Bible or warm clothes could do to my mother; so if I may not have the tree, oh! please give her these and I shall be so happy."

"FRANTZ HOFFMAN."

The man was pleased with the simple, childish innocence of the letter and put it in his pocket. When he went home he found a rich lady who had come to take tea with his wife, and at the table, when all were assembled, he drew forth the letter of little Frantz and read it aloud, telling how it came into his hands and saying how the

poor little fellow would wonder at never getting his tree nor ever hearing of his letter again.

"But he *may* hear of it again," said the rich lady, who had listened carefully to every word; "there is so much goodness of heart in the poor boy's love for his mother that it well deserves to be rewarded; he *may* hear of it again."

So the lady remembered the name of the boy; indeed, she asked the man to give her the letter, which he did, and by its aid she sought and found out where Frantz lived. From some of the neighbors she learned how poor they were, and how little Frantz helped his mother all day cheerfully and was the best boy in the neighborhood; and that Mrs. Hoffman had not now even the money to buy shoes, for that her landlord had raised her rent, and she had to give the little sum laid aside to him. And the lady thought to herself it would not be likely to spoil so good a boy by giving a beautiful tree, so she had one brought to her house, large and full of leaves it was, and she bought all kinds of beautiful and useful things to hang on it, and little, rose-colored tapers to be placed among the branches; and on the table under the tree were laid two pairs of shoes—one pair for the mother and one for Frantz—and a pair of thick blankets and a shawl and a purse of money (for the lady knew that poor Mrs. Hoffman must have many wants of which she could not know, and she wanted her to supply them by means of the purse), and, best of all, there was a large Bible. If Frantz's dream had been suddenly turned into reality it could not have been more beautiful.

So day by day wore on, and though Frantz knew not the fate of his letter, he never doubted that all would go well. It was pleasant to see the sunshiny face with which he greeted every morning as one day nearer Christmas; and when at last Christmas morning came, bright and clear, there was a leaping, bounding heart in his bosom and a light in his blue eyes that made his mother smile, though she scarcely knew where their next meal was to come from. The wheel kept on its whizzing, and Frantz sat with his eyes fixed on the blue sky as if he almost thought his expected tree would drop down from it. Suddenly, a knock was heard at the low door and a voice asked:

"Is little Frantz Hoffman here?"

Frantz almost flew to the door.

"I am Frantz," he said. And the little maiden who had asked for him told him to come with her, and his mother must come, too.

Soon, very soon, was the little party ready, and the maiden led them along gayly to a handsome house, whose door she pushed open, and they entered in.

How lightly trod Frantz along the wide passage, for his heart whispered aloud to him. At the end stood a door just ajar, and as the girl pushed it open a blaze of light streamed out. Frantz caught his mother's hand and drew her forward exclaiming:

"It is my tree, my tree! I knew so well it would be ready."

And sure enough, there stood the shining tree, all bright with lighted tapers and laden with sparkling fruits, and on high was the image of the beautiful Christ-child, holding out His hand and smiling so lovingly, and below was written:

"For Frantz, because he loved his mother."

MARY ARTHUR.

### A LITTLE TALK TO LITTLE GIRLS.

I WANT to put something in your department this month that is not a story; and yet I hope you will read it with interest to the end, and, when you have finished it, go right to work to make it useful.

You all know that about this time, or perhaps a little later, mamma papa, big sister and brother, even grandma and grandpa, begin to take walks and look in at shop-windows and seem to take an odd interest in a good many things not usually so very attractive to elderly people. They don't tell you so, but I think you guess it is on your account, not on their own, that so queer a taste is displayed. Then they begin to be quite mysterious and secret sort of people—these steady, solid, elderly friends of yours—they have all sorts of secrets, and as soon as you appear, coming in from school or play, mamma suddenly puts away in some hiding-place a doll, with a wonderful wardrobe, or some s ft. warm mittens or something else very nice that she has thought will delight you on Christmas morning.

Sister, perhaps, measures you while you are fast asleep for a wonderful new dress, which you are to wear at the Christmas party. And so much hammering is going on in big brother's room you can hardly help guessing it must have something to do with the table you have been wishing for—one large enough for all your family of dolls, and, maybe, a doll friend or two besides.

You watch all the faces of the family while they are preparing these Christmas surprises for you children, and you see how very happy they look.

Perhaps you think you will be the best off on Christmas Day, when you get the lion's share of pretty gifts. But see how much pleasure they are having way off here in November, and for so long a time, too; and do you know the reason? It is this: They are forgetting themselves, thinking of others' happiness, and learning that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now there is no reason in the world why you should not share that pleasure and prepare little gifts for the elder portion of the family, and when you see how pleased and how surprised they will be, at any sacrifice of time or money you make for them, why it won't be any sacrifice at all.

I suppose you will say: "What can I give? I have so little money, and mamma or papa don't care for dolls or candy." No, they wouldn't; but there are many pretty, useful little things they would care for, if they knew a little girl of their own had made them. Then, too, it will be such fun having your own secrets, just as well as grown-up folks do, and stealing off to quiet corners where mamma won't be likely to come (or, if she does, you can hurry off to hide your work, just as she does).

Now I want to help you—that is, tell you of some few things that even a little girl can make if she is in earnest, and if you don't find what you want in any of my hints, go to some kind aunt, or older friends who know more of your exact needs than I do, and talk to them about your plans, and see how glad they will be to help you.

First, let us think of some gift for your papa.

If he shaves, this will be an easy gift for him—we call it "a shaving-book." Cut four pieces of cardboard into pretty shapes—octagon or diamond shapes will do, but all four must be exactly alike; cover two of the pieces with any nice lining stuff, silesia will do, and the other two with the prettiest sort of covering you can get—fancy silk or velvet or canvas worked in a pattern with silk or zephyr—sew together neatly two pieces, one of each sort. Then get some bright tissue-paper, cut a number of pieces of it the same size and shape of your covered cardboards, and put between them, as if the tissue paper was leaves and the cardboard the covers of a book, and fasten them at the top with a bow of bright ribbon, with a loop to hang it up by. This is to hang up near father's dressing-case, and each time he shaves he will use one bit of the tissue-paper to wipe his razor and think of his little girl who put it in so convenient a place for him.

Now comes mamma's gift. We will make an apron for her.

Get one yard and a half of smooth plaid muslin; cut off one yard and make a three-inch hem at the bottom; have an easy pattern to outline stamped on it, and work it in red or blue cotton, or even black, if mamma don't wear any colors. Make the belt and strings of the muslin left. These are pretty, useful aprons, and easy to make, and mamma's face is sure to brighten when she knows her daughter made it all herself.

I think, for sister, we may make a bag, to hang beside her sewing-chair or her bureau; for it will do for scraps left in sewing or for soiled laces, cuffs, or collars.

Cut a round of cardboard, say five inches across—you can take a small plate to cut it by, if you can't make a true round; cover this with bright cretonne, or, if you have it, with silk or any other nice material, and then take strips of the same—two of one sort and two of another, which contrast, as blue and brown or red and gray—about twelve inches long and seven broad; sew these together, a bright and dull next each other, and gather them on to the round you have covered, so as to form a bag, with the round for a bottom; put a binding at the top and run a ribbon in for a string to draw it up and hang it by.

We mustn't leave out the children. A nice way to please a boy is to cut out a great many pictures from illustrated papers and save them up till there is enough for a scrap-book. If nicely pasted in they make a noble painting-book, and all boys, I know, love to paint. If you can afford it, give the box of paints with it.

For a little girl, you can make a work-box in this way: Take a small pasteboard box, cut it apart at the joints, cover each piece with bright-colored silesia and stick together again. The lid, of course, is only sewed at one side. Make a little pincushion and a needle-book, buy a small thimble, and get mamma to wind some of her cotton on to small spools. Make a little bag for buttons and furnish the box with these.

Now see, you have your little gifts ready for the blessed morning, and I am sure they will well repay you for your trouble and you won't have the feeling of entire selfishness, if you are ready, with the rest, to present Christmas gifts, instead of taking all and giving nothing to mark the holy time.

MARTHA.

## The Home Circle.

### GOOD BREEDING AND ETIQUETTE.

#### A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Elegant manners are the flowers of human virtues."

"A look may work thy ruin; a word create thy wealth."

"The walking this way and that hath cast down and built up fortunes."

"Be courteous."

"Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things."

IT is a great mistake, which even some sensible people make, to ignore the rules of polite society. A man of rough exterior and boorish manners may have ever so good intentions, but is constantly doing violence to the feelings of others. He unwittingly treads upon the toes of the nice habits, fine feelings, and delicate instincts of some one; and it is doubtless true that many a man has lost some rare opportunity for business, usefulness, and enjoyment because of his uncouth bearing or ungentelemanly address. Believe it, boys, it won't pay to be a boor, except you would have it in the coin of dislike, disgust, and contempt. Now and then a man *prides* himself on his roughness and coarseness. "There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Some are so unfortunate as to have no home-training in the direction of good breeding. This is indeed a misfortune, but can be remedied by care, watchfulness, and determination. As your own self-respect, the esteem of others, and your future success are more or less dependent upon the externals of manner and address, let us look a little closer, and ask, first, what constitutes good manners.

As good manners are nothing less than good behavior, they must, in order to be genuine, spring largely from a good heart or good intent. It was the famous Lord Chesterfield who said: "True politeness is true kindness." If you allow yourself to be actuated by delicate, kindly feelings, they will seldom lead you astray. One of the most forcible tests of character is the manner in which we conduct toward others. A graceful carriage, animated by kindly and generous impulses, whether to those superior or inferior to ourselves, is a constant source of pleasure, and thus keeps benevolent emotions in lively exercise. Manners give *color* to life, and as they pervade society like the air we breathe, it ought not to appear startling to assert, with a celebrated writer, that "they are of more importance than law, which touches us only here and there."

Gentleness and courtesy in social life are like the influence of light. Be assured they will win far more powerfully than force or noise. It needs not the prestige of money or position to wield their power. Like the gentle snow-drop or crocus of spring, piercing its way through the late chilling snows and crusty frosts of soil, they dispel from the social atmosphere the last vestige of iciness.

Manners are the ornament of action and the interpreter of intent. Who has not felt the value

of a kind act doubly enhanced by the *manner* of doing it? also the beauty and enjoyment quite destroyed in granting a favor by the surliness or unfortunate manner of the giver or recipient.

A young friend of mine lately refused an offer of marriage from one whom she highly respected and liked because of his carelessness in matters of etiquette. She shed not a few tears over it, but I think she was right. On the other hand, my neighbor's coachman lifts his hat and bows low to me every time he sees me on the lawn. I should certainly speak a good word for that man, if needed.

Good breeding is essentially made up of little things. Every one may become self-educators in this, as in everything else, if desired. Cultivate a pure, kind heart, and beautiful actions beautifully expressed will flow spontaneously. I hardly need remind you of them—such as rising up before the aged; giving the best seat by the fire, in the carriage, in the church, everywhere, to the old, the infirm, your guests, a lady, etc.; studying the preferences, tastes, and wishes of those about you, particularly of parents, brothers, and sisters. Refrain from loud, coarse talk, bad language, evil speaking of others, rude positions and whispering in company, especially in public gatherings; showing respect and deference to the opinions and beliefs of others. "In honor, preferring one another," is a choice motto for action; so, also, those that head this article.

Pay assiduous attention to your mother and sisters; it will help to fit you to become a worthy husband; for a good and affectionate son and brother may invariably be trusted to make a thoughtful and considerate husband, for my part, I would trust no other. Every true gentleman is lord of a great heart, and keeps his *best* for the circle at home.

It is not necessary to remind you to be careful in the little personal matters of cleanliness, such as clean teeth and nails. No gentleman will neglect these minor, but important, details. Never pick your teeth in the presence of others (custom to the contrary) or puff your cigar where it is not wanted; neither allow yourself in any habit that might be offensive, such as tipping up your chair, which, by the way, has four legs, or putting your feet on the mantel. Be a gentleman when *alone*, in the privacy of your room or in the field, that it may become a *habit* in the parlor. When you are at Rome do as the Romans do. If not accustomed to finger-bowls and nut-picks, or even napkin and silver fork, you need not publish it at the house of your friend or at a hotel, but use well your eyes, that you may adopt them with ready ease and tact.

Be determined, if possible, never to injure the feelings or tastes of any one, and cultivate earnestly the most graceful way of expressing kindness. You will thus pave the way to honor and self-respect and secure that which is so dear to every human heart, admiration and love.

Yours, for the "flowers of virtue,"

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.



## CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

**T**HE materials to be used include all kinds of evergreens, everlasting flowers, and colored and gilt papers.

*Holly* is, of course, the special tree of the season. Its leaves bent into various curves, its thorny points, and its bunches of coral-red berries, make it the prince of evergreens. Let it be conspicuous throughout the decorations. It is a good plan to strip off the berries and use them strung in bunches, as the berries get hidden when the sprigs are worked into wreaths and devices, and the berries, bent into little bunches, dotted about the festoons here and there, look very effective.

*Ivy* must be introduced with care. Small single leaves come in with good effect in small devices, or to relieve a background of sombre yew or arbor vitae. The young shoots of the common ivy are best, or of the kind which grows up trees and old walls, which are very dark and glossy, with a network of light-colored veins.

*Laurel* is a very useful green in sprays, and the single leaves may be applied with excellent effect in wreaths or overlapping one another in borders.

*Myrtle* and *box* are pretty in narrow borderings, into which colored everlasting flowers may be introduced. The black bunches of ivy berries may sometimes be used with advantage to give points of contrast in the decorations.

The best wreaths for decorating the banisters of a house, or any pedestals, pillars, or columns, are those made in a rope of evergreen sprigs. There are several ways in which such wreaths are made. One way is as follows: Get a rope or stout cord, of proper length, and a quantity of twine and a handful of evergreen twigs. Begin at one end of the rope, which should be attached firmly to something. Dispose a bunch of the twigs round the rope, and tie them on with the twine; then dispose another bunch so that the leaves may conceal the stalks of those already on, and give the twine a turn round them, fastening it with a running knot, and so on until the wreath is finished. This must be done at the fastening of each bunch of twigs. Another way very frequently adopted is, in place of a rope, to use only a piece of stout twine to run through the wreath, so as to prevent its falling to pieces, and, instead of twine to tie the twigs on, to use fine wire, which must be firmly twisted round the twigs.

In all kinds of wreaths the thickness of the wreath must be carefully regulated at the outset and evenly maintained throughout, and care should be taken that all the foliage is turned in one direction, especially where two persons are working at the same rope. The wreaths may be made of one kind of evergreen only, or of any number of kinds mixed; the latter has the better effect. There should be an equal mixture of the fine kinds, as yew, box, etc., to keep the wreath light and sprayey. Whether the berries be left on the holly twigs, or threaded and attached at intervals, is, of course, according to the taste of the decorator. If threaded, they are best fastened among the holly leaves in bunches about as large as the natural clusters, so as to imitate their natural effect.

In fastening the wreath to the pillars, take care not to put it on upside down, as foliage must never be placed in a direction contrary to that of

its growth. When small chaplets or wreaths are constructed, each should be made by one person, as the effect is frequently spoiled by the two ends not matching, or it is otherwise wanting in uniformity. When the wreaths are finished, and before they are hung up, they should be kept in some cool place, or else they shrivel up; if necessary, a little water may be sprinkled over them.

If holly berries are scarce, a good substitute may be found in rose hips, which may have a small piece of wire passed through them as a stalk and several twisted together. The fallen holly berries, strung on wire, made into rings, and slipped over the leaves, are very effective, also split peas, glued on here and there in the shape of small rosettes, look like golden flowers, and they may be made to resemble holly berries by pouring over them red sealing-wax melted in spirits of wine.

Where definite shapes are required there are several methods of accomplishing the desired effect. Some use a groundwork of tin or perforated zinc.

If outline forms are employed, to be covered with leaves or flowers, these will be best colored black. The method of arranging the leaves and flowers will depend in a great measure upon individual taste. If it is required to use masses of berries in such a manner that it would be inconvenient or difficult to fasten them together by any other means, paint the places required to be filled in with a stiff coat of glue, very hot, and drop the berries upon it. When the glue is dry they will be found to adhere.

Holly strung has a very good effect. It is very quickly done, and looks like a rich cord when finished, and all the banisters in a house may be draped in holly. It is made by threading a packing-needle with the required length of twine, and stringing upon it the largest and most curly-looking holly leaves, taking care to pass the needle through the exact centre of each leaf. Flat borderings, to lie flat along the panels of cabinets, doorways, mirrors, and the backs of sideboards, should be made of leaves sewn in strips on brown paper, or yards of buckram, cut in strips and sewn together to the required lengths. Garlands or half-wreaths are best made on barrel hoops for their foundation. For making letters there is nothing that bends to the shape of the letters so well as crinoline wires. Single letters are best cut out in brown paper, and the leaves sewn on with a needle and thread.

Rice decoration is very effective and looks like carved ivory. The required shape should be cut out in cartridge-paper and firmly glued down to its intended foundation, and then covered with a coating of thick, warm paste, or very strong white gum, into which the rice grains must be dropped, and arranged so as to lie closely and regularly together, and the whole left until it is perfectly stiff and dry. Immortelles and other colored dried flowers may be used in the same manner. The best plan of applying the rice is first to take a small quantity in a paper funnel and scatter it over the design till dry. Pour on more gum, then scatter the rice on again, and repeat the process till the proper thickness and evenness is obtained. When finished a sharp penknife will remove all superfluous grains. Monograms made in this way, if the shadows are picked out with



Indian ink, roughly put on, give a very good effect. Alternate letters of rice and sealing wax berries look very fanciful and gay.

Motives and monograms in white cotton wool have the effect of snow. They are produced by cutting out the letters in thick white paper, and pasting over them an even piece of clean white cotton wool, which is, when dry, pulled out so as to give it a fluffy or snowy appearance. The letters should afterward be carefully trimmed with a sharp pair of scissors and mounted on a ground of colored paper.

If there is a hanging lamp in the dining-room, supported by chains, holly wreaths twisted round the chains look well; while a chandelier round the base, and a small basket filled with mistletoe, suspended from the centre of the base, look very effective. Borders of evergreens may be placed along the back of the sideboard, and if there be a mirror in it a small chandelier in the centre, and seeming to join the borders, looks very pretty. Pictures and mirrors can be framed with made-up borders of evergreens. If the hall be in panels, narrow borderings of box and ivy look well laid on all round, and in the centre half hoops or chandeliers or a monogram. Scrolls, with mottoes, bidding people to be welcome and happy, either laid on bright colored calicoes with holly borderings, or else merely the word "Christmas," done in laurel leaves, and variegated with immortelle flowers. Even in the bedrooms the frames of pictures and mirrors can be edged with wreaths.

In our decorations we must not forget the dining-room table when our guests gather round it. A very pretty centre-piece is made by covering an inverted basin with moss, into which insert sprigs of holly quite thick until it forms a pyramid of holly. On the top place a figure of Old Father Christmas (which may be bought at any bazaar or sugar-plum shop) and instead of the holly sprig he generally holds in his hand, place a spray of mistletoe.

A great many lights are required, where fire and holly are much used, in table decoration, otherwise the effect is heavy and gloomy.

These hints will make it an easy task to adorn the house for Christmas; but half the pleasure consists in inventing new devices and giving scope to one's taste and ingenuity, new ideas springing up and developing themselves as the occasion arises, till the worker finds delight in the work, and is thus best rewarded for the toil.

### THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

THE culmination of the year has come. The grains are harvested, the ripe fruits are gathered in, and the woods have put on their glorious apparel, as if thankful and rejoicing in all this bounty. Before long preparations will be made for Thanksgiving Day among those who still keep the festival in the good old way and kill the fatted turkey and make the multitude of pumpkin-pies necessary for a large company of eaters, and call together the children and grandchildren, sisters and cousins, nephews and nieces, for a good, merry time. Then soon after it will be

time to get ready for Christmas—joyful, blessed Christmas—which is kept nearly all over the world, thank God! What a precious day it is to many, in its commemoration of the Saviour's coming into the world as its most precious gift, and what happiness it brings to thousands who look no further than the pleasure of giving and receiving gifts among those they love! Months beforehand presents are studied over and preparations commenced, and when they are the work of the fingers much sweet pleasure is enjoyed in the making. Thus it is naturally looked forward to by the majority of people as the happiest day of the year.

Here in the city we have not the privilege of watching the garnering of autumnal treasures or enjoying the apple-gathering and nutting and sugar making, but when Christmas time comes we have the advantage over those in the country in the scenes it brings us. Then many of the store windows are bewildering visions of beauty, filled with every variety of pretty and elegant fancy articles suitable for gifts. Handsome plaques, painted shells, elegant dressing cases, work-boxes, jewel-boxes fitted up in velvet and satin, until they look too nice for use; vases and toilet sets and gift cups and perfume bottles of most exquisite designs. And then the Christmas cards, carried to an extreme in their expensive beauty, until the original card is almost lost sight of.

And this is the trouble with a great many of the Christmas gifts in these days—that they are too expensive. Such numbers of elegant things are made and displayed that there are some persons who do not care to receive a present unless it is a handsome one, and this prevents many people—especially gentlemen—giving where they would otherwise, or else they give from a sense of obligation what they cannot really afford, therefore doing it reluctantly, and thus the true spirit and intention of a gift is lost; for the real object or meaning of a Christmas gift is love and good-will, and however small or trifling it is, it should be appreciated by the recipient. But there are a plenty of pretty and inexpensive things to suit all pockets and tastes, if one looks for them. The toy stores are a fairy-land of beauty and delight to the little folks as well as some of their seniors, and the display of dolls sets the children almost wild. Of course, every little girl wants a new doll at Christmas, no matter how many she already has. I often think what a nice way it would be for some of those who have several to dress a few of their old ones freshly, and, hunting up other little girls who have none, give them to them. They could bestow a good deal of happiness in this way and find some in return.

Before the summer had quite ended, my friend Janet and I made our plan for finding our chief enjoyment of this coming Christmas, and we are going to save all our spare funds for it. In the upper part of our city there is a large room, where a dozen girls are busy running a dozen sewing-machines every day from morning till night. Stitch, stitch, stitch. No matter how weary they are—no matter how the head may ache with this ceaseless din—they must keep on. The weekly wages earned by this toil do not amount to riches, and those who have not a home of their own, but must rent lodgings, barely manage to exist without suffering. Several of them live in this way,

by clubbing together and renting a room in a respectable tenement house not far from their work. Janet and I paid a visit to this establishment one day last spring when engaged in the flower-mission work. It was touching to see how the eyes of these young girls brightened and hear the pleased exclamations from their lips as they received the dainty little bouquets we carried. But some of the pale faces and thin cheeks haunted me long after with the fear that their owners did not have enough to eat. So one day a bright thought struck us, which we soon carried into a definite plan, and you may like to hear it. On the day before Christmas we are to get a dozen small splint baskets and put in each one a little tea, a little sugar, a nice pat of butter, a box of sardines, and two big apples. Janet's mother has a cook who makes delicious light bread, and she will contribute three fresh rolls to each basket, and we will finish it off with a large slice of cake

which we are to make ourselves. Then in the afternoon we will go ourselves with them before the girls have left their work that we may be sure of their proper delivery and have the enjoyment of seeing them received. We will have to be rather economical in our expenditures to make things go around among so many, but we think even as small an offering as this will make these poor girls such a supper or Christmas breakfast as they have not had for a long time, besides having the luxury of a cup of tea for several future evenings.

We have grown so interested in this undertaking that I am eager for the time to come for carrying it into execution. We are all the time watching for opportunities to enlarge it, and I feel that it will be the best investment I have made of my Christmas funds for a long time, and will yield the truest satisfaction.

EDNA.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### THE HOME CLUB.

#### MEETING AT MRS. GOLDEN'S.

*Mrs. Stoner.*—We have an excellent apple for cooking, which, for some reason, is not keeping well this winter. I have had them looked over, all the perfect ones put in small boxes, and all showing any signs of decay I canned, using cans which had been filled with fruit last summer and already emptied. I find these canned apples the most convenient fruit I have. I peel them, cut into slices, and add a little sugar before canning; so they are ready at a minute's notice for sauce, pie, or pudding. They are quite as nice as fresh apples.

*Mrs. Wilmor.*—I find I can keep fruit nicely by simply tying cotton batting over the top of the jar containing it. Fruit so protected will keep from fall until spring; but I find it a very convenient covering for jars of fruit after they have been unsealed, when I want to use but part of the contents at a time.

*Mrs. Wood.*—What kind of batting? Just the common kind?

*Mrs. Wilmor.*—Yes; the same as is used for comfortables. The glazed wadding will not answer.

*Mrs. Holden.*—My cousin has been visiting me, and had with her her youngest child, a delicate little girl five years old. I have been much interested in the physical training she is giving her. The child has been delicate from its babyhood, but under her wise mother's treatment she grows stronger every year. She seemed to have no constitution, and her lungs were very weak. Before she was a year old she had two attacks of lung fever, which the best of care could not prevent. Cousin Grace is very particular about the child's diet. She keeps her on plain, simple food. Milk agrees with her, so she lets her have all she cares for. She gives her simple soups, and but little meat. She never lets her have pastry or rich cake, but she does allow her a moderate quantity

of sweets, of plain puddings and simple cake, and gives her all the fruit she wants. Her supper is a very light meal, or, I should say, a very easily digested meal. She is allowed all she can eat of any one or two kinds of food. Her mother is careful that there is no mixing of food. When she gives her bread and milk she does not let her have fruit. One evening her supper is of bread, butter, and stewed fruit; the next of bread and milk; the next of biscuit toasted, with a limited quantity of warmed milk, and so on. Morning and evening Grace has her go through with a simple exercise to develop the muscles. She makes it interesting by turning it into a game and goes through it with her. Sometimes she lets her make the movements in time with some familiar song. The exercise is very simple; it consists of raising the arms above the head with the hands clasped, then letting them fall to the sides; folding the arms behind the back, then in front; and putting the tips of the fingers to the shoulder, then letting the arms drop to the side. To strengthen and expand her lungs, her mother has her fold her arms behind her back, draw a deep breath, count three, then expel all the air possible from the lungs. Cousin Grace never talks to the child about her being delicate, though she tells her that she must do this and that, so that she will grow up a strong girl.

*Mrs. Sterns.*—I shall at once act on the hints you have given. My little boy of three years is very delicate, and I believe such treatment as you describe is just what he needs. I do not believe in giving medicine excepting when absolutely necessary.

*Mrs. Grey.*—Mrs. Green has been telling me how to dispose of such old papers and magazines as we do not care to keep. I wish she would repeat the same for the benefit of the club.

*Mrs. Green.*—Being a visitor, I expected only to listen to the others, but I am glad if I can add any item of interest. As you know, I live in western Dakota. We always take at least three papers and one or two magazines. When my

sister was visiting us two years ago, she saw how great was the demand for them and how they were borrowed by our neighbors until they were literally read to tatters. She said when she returned home that she would send me all the papers they did not care to save, to distribute where I thought them most needed. She has done so ever since, and acquaintances of hers joining in the work, I have had the pleasure of placing good reading-matter where it has been well appreciated.

*Mrs. Golding.*—Surely we who have more than we care to save could send some of our papers where they are so much needed.

*Mrs. Green.*—A good many of the settlers around us—and it must be the same in other places—have really not the money to spare for anything save absolute necessities, and cannot afford to subscribe for papers or magazines or to buy books. A few have done without so long that they still think they cannot afford it, and their children show the lack.

*Mrs. Hanway.*—I think we could all send a few papers for Mrs. Green to distribute.

*Mrs. Green.*—I will willingly undertake to dispose of all you send, but I would like to suggest that it would extend the benefit of your kindness more widely if such of you as have friends or acquaintances in other parts of the "wild West" would send to them. If they have neighbors like mine they will know what to do with all you send.

*Mrs. McCall.*—I would like to have the ladies try my recipe for apple pudding. It is very simple, wholesome, and good. Make a dough as for baking-powder biscuit. Roll it thin, and line a deep earthen baking-dish with it. Place a layer of apples, peeled and cut fine, over the bottom. Next sugar according to the sourness of the apples, then add more apples and sugar until the dish is nearly full. Lay strips of dough over the top and bake or steam slowly until the apples are tender. Eat with sauce or cream.

*Mrs. Clark.*—I have just made a pretty cover for my baby's crib and to throw over her when she is on the lounge. I colored an old worn blanket a deep blue. I then worked a border around it in red, white, light blue, and black silks and wools, and edged it with woolen lace.

### CHRISTMAS IDOLS.

I WONDER if the turkeys know the festive season is near; if they say to each other in mournful tones as they pass in the fields or barnyards, "Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer"? That is what the people say, "but," says the poor turkey, "I have quite a dismal, shuddering horror of the day, and I wonder good Christians don't stop using us for a feast-dish; they certainly have no Bible authority for it; they ought to kill a particularly fat calf or a tender, dainty little kid, which they might share with us, so we could join in the general chorus of 'Merry Christmas!'"

I don't know why it is that turkeys must go to the sacrifice each year, but it has become such an honored custom that parents who do not always,

in many important ways, obey their Maker in considering their duty toward their children, would be horrified at feeding His little ones with other than turkey meat on His birthday. So, as it has been decided for us that turkey must be the "piece de resistance" for our Christmas feast, all we have got to consider is how we shall send it to our board in its most becoming dress.

The Germans always stuff this holiday bird with potatoes, nicely mashed, with milk and butter, minced onions, chopped parsley, and tiny pieces of pork thoroughly mixed through; this makes a rich and delicious addition to our turkey if the stuffing receives its full share of the basting. Be sure to baste the turkey freely, particularly if the bird has not had its share of food in life. Have a good, clear fire for the roasting (not too fierce), and a little while before serving baste with butter and dredge a little flour over it, so it may appear at the table a rich, red-brown color. Most of us make stuffing for turkey with bread-crumbs (baker's bread is best) mixed with sage, and thyme, onions and butter, pepper and salt. One turkey I remember was stuffed with a quail; inside the quail was a smaller bird with oyster stuffing.

If more than one turkey is needed it is nice to have a variety; have a boiled one at one end of the table, but roast the larger one; it will be the general favorite. In boiling use the same stuffing, only a little more highly seasoned; a little minced chicken is very nice; allow fifteen minutes to the pound in boiling. Send to the table with a crisp bunch of parsley in the crop and deluged in parsley dressing (a rich drawn butter in which chopped parsley has simmered ten minutes). Oyster sauce suits roast or boiled turkey; in fact, it takes a very poor cook, with a most determined will, to spoil this bird and make it entirely unpalatable.

Another idol Christmas calls forth is the plum pudding. I dare say there is hardly a housekeeper in the land, who has not already her own particular, private, best, most delicious, and tempting recipe for this pleasant necessity. Still I must meekly venture to offer one or two of mine, for I remember there are some ladies who have to manage their first Christmas dinner as well as first anything else; and they might adopt my recipe, so it would afterward become one of those "best particular, most delicious," and so on:

**CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.**—Chop half a pound of beef suet very finely; stone and chop one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, washed and picked; a quarter of a pound of citron cut fine. Soak a small loaf of baker's bread in a pint and a half of milk; when it has taken up the milk, beat and add the fruit, a spoonful of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, half a nutmeg, half a spoonful of ground mace, a little cinnamon and allspice. Mix well and boil five hours in a mold or floured bag; allow plenty of room to swell.

**ANOTHER PLUM PUDDING.**—One pound each of suet, flour, raisins, and currants, the rind of a lemon grated, four eggs, cider and enough milk to make it of proper consistency. Flour a cloth, tie it up tightly, but allow room to swell, and boil eight or nine hours; half bread-crumbs may be used with the flour.

**A RICH ENGLISH RECIPE.**—Four ounces of bread-crumbs, two of flour, three-quarters of a pound Muscatel raisins, half pound of currants, a pound of chopped suet, quarter of a pound powdered sugar, some mixed spices, two ounces citron or candied orange peel, the rind of two and juice of one lemon. Mix with some new milk, flavor with vanilla, and boil all together in a mold or bag six hours.

After reading over or hearing several dozen recipes for plum-pudding, the wonder grows that it ever turns out just right; for one person enjoins us to take it from the fire after four hours' boiling or it will be "soggy and tasteless," another tells us it will be underdone and unfit to eat unless boiled eight long hours. Four hours will cook your pudding, ten won't ruin it; but it is best to give it plenty of time. It is safer to use bread-crumbs than flour in your pudding. You will see in the foregoing recipes pretty much the same material is used. A little more or less fruit won't spoil your pudding; a small addition of eggs or suet will make it richer.

These puddings will keep for a long time, and can be reheated by boiling or slices cut off to fry.

I have gone into rather minute particulars, but it is addressed to such as are having their first Christmas at housekeeping—the older housekeepers must excuse me. Serve the Christmas pudding with vanilla or bisque ice-cream with either liquid or solid sauce. The most common sauce is this: Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, beat in half a pound of pulverized sugar; continue to beat till very light, then add a wine-glass of cider.

I must say a few words about our third Christmas idol, "mince pies," but as whole chapters are taken up describing its composition and there is still room for books to be filled with its delightful possibilities, I am a little in awe of this big subject, so will only give a couple of good, solid recipes for mince-meat:

**MINCE-MEAT No. 1.**—Take two pounds of salted bullock's tongue—mince it well; chop separately two pounds of kidney suet, two of good, sound apples, half a pound of citron (or candied orange peel), a pound and a half of raisins, two of currants, one ounce of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of salt, one pound of sugar, the grated rind and piece of two lemons. Mix well—keep in covered jars in a cool place. Before using moisten with half a pint of cider, and half a pint of orange water.

**MINCE-MEAT No. 2.**—Two pounds of chopped meat, two pounds of suet, two pounds of currants, four pounds of tart, rich apples, juice and peel of two lemons, one pint of sweet cider, one nutmeg, one ounce mixed cloves and allspice (ground), three and a half pounds sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, one tablespoonful salt. Mix well together, cover well, and close, and stand in a cool place till ready for use.

And now, hoping that wherever you find the right way to cook a turkey, mix your pudding, or make your pies, they may turn out so particularly good this Christmas that you may consider yourself mistress of these arts, and give us your experience for future use, I am yours,

MARTHA.

## HELPFUL HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.

**A**MONG the guests whom we entertained last summer was a dear old auntie from the East, who came like a benediction upon us, with her helpful hints and handy ways, gathered during her fifty years' experience as a housekeeper. She gave us so many valuable hints and items not soon to be forgotten that we cannot resist the temptation of placing before the readers of the MAGAZINE some of her wise suggestions.

One day I sent the girl to the store for crackers, and called out after her: "Don't get more than a pound, Susie, for they gather dampness so, and you know we like them fresh and crisp."

Auntie glanced up from her patchwork and said, in her mild, sweet way: "We use a great many crackers at our house—Nathan is so fond of them with coffee for breakfast—and I'll tell you how I manage to keep them dry and crumby. I just slip the sack right into the warming-oven at the back of the stove, and the heat is sufficient to keep them just right." Well, wasn't that an idea? I have tried it, and now the crackers are always dry and crisp and we do not have to run to the store two or three times a week for a fresh supply. I use a basin that fits nicely into the oven, and as soon as it is empty I replenish it from the five-pound sack which we now keep on hand.

One morning I was cleaning the canister. I thoroughly washed and rinsed the bottles but could not succeed in removing that rust-colored accumulation which is so sure to collect in the vinegar cruse. Auntie suggested using shot—just a small handful will do—then fill the bottle two-thirds full of strong soap-suds and shake thoroughly. You will be surprised to see how bright and shining the bottle will be, and such a simple process, too.

I have since cleansed other bottles with it—by the way, how fast they do accumulate, especially if one has much sickness in the family. I used to get so tired of seeing them around, filling up the shelves, that I have thrown away scores of them; but auntie told me a better way: Thoroughly clean them, using shot and plenty of soap-suds to effectually remove all taint or smell, and then, after drying them in the sun, pack in a marker-basket, and the next time you see the family physician ask him if he doesn't want your bottles. Our doctor gave me one dollar per hundred for mine, and it is so much better and more economical than to throw them under the barn or in some other out-of-the-way place to get rid of them! Druggists sometimes take them if they are nicely cleaned. You cannot be too particular about that.

My pantry is inconveniently situated on one side of the dining-room, with the kitchen on the other; so, after my dishes are washed, it requires a good many steps to replace them in the china-cupboard. Auntie noticed my going to and fro so many times laden with cups, saucers, plates, etc., and pleasantly said: "I can tell you an easier way, my dear—just pack your dishes snugly in a pan and you can carry them all at one trip. The same rule will hold good in setting the table, if you have some distance to go, using a server instead of a pan."

HAZEL.



## Evenings with the Poets.



### XMAS SONG.

**T**HE Xmas bells are ringing,  
The Xmas angels singing.

The far-off stars are shining cold and bright;  
While through the belfry welling,

The Xmas chimes are telling  
The oft-told tale of Christ again to-night.

The Xmas snows are gleaming,

Beneath the starlight seeming

A pure, unwritten promise of God's might;

Whilst Xmas winds are bringing

The sound of voices singing

The oft-sung hymn to Christ again this night.

The Xmas music, thrilling

Through choir and nave, is filling

The restless heart with new and strange delight;

Whilst on the wrapt ear falling,

Soft angel-tones seem calling

The dear, dear name of Christ again to-night.

Is there one heart so weary

Feels not the night less dreary

For these sweet songs that, in their upward flight,

Seem our wrapt spirits guiding

To where, in peace abiding,

The thorn-crowned Christ is reigning King to-night?

The Xmas bells keep ringing,

The Xmas angels singing,

The far-off stars still shining cold and bright;

Whilst, through the belfry welling,

The Xmas chimes keep telling

The oft-told tale of Christ again to-night.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

### THE THREE KINGS.

**T**HREE Kings came riding from far away—  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar—

Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear

That all the other stars of the sky

Became a white mist in the atmosphere.

And by this they knew the coming was near

Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys,

Their robes were of crimson silk,  
With rows

Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,

Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the three Kings rode into the West

Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,

And sometimes they nodded, with beard on breast,

And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,

With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,

"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;

For we in the East have seen His star,

And have ridden fast and have ridden far

To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain!

We know of no king but Herod the Great!"

They thought the Wise Men were men insane,

As they spurred their horses across the plain,

Like riders in haste and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,

Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,





Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them,  
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem  
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away, and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn.  
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,  
Through the silent street, till their horses turned  
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;  
But the windows were closed and the doors were barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented bay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in the manger lay—  
The child that would be King one day  
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,  
Sat watching beside His place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of His breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet;  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

**G**OOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night  
To such a host of peerless things!  
Good-night unto that fragile hand  
All queenly with its weight of rings,  
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,  
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,  
Good-night unto the perfect mouth  
And all the sweetness nestled there!  
The snowy hand detains me—then  
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love!  
When, if I read our stars aright,  
I shall not linger by this porch  
With my alicens. Till then good night!  
You wish the time were now? And I.  
You do not blush to wish it so?  
You would have blushed yourself to death  
To own so much a year ago.  
What! both these snowy hands? Ah! then  
I'll have to say good-night again.

T. B. ALDRICH.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

**T**HE Christmas chimes are pealing high  
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,  
And blowing winds their notes prolong  
Like echoes from an angel's song!  
Good will and peace, peace and good will  
Ring out the carols glad and gay,  
Telling the heavenly message still,  
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall  
Peasant and king keep festival,  
And childhood wears a fairer guise,  
And tenderer shine all mother-eyes;  
The aged man forgets his years,  
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,  
The sad are cheered of their tears,  
For Christ the Lord was born to-day.  
SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *December Wide Awake*.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

**Favorite Materials.**—The favorite materials for winter costumes are wool and velvet. For ordinary occasions the toilette is of wool, and these woolen costumes may be as plain or as elaborate, as economical or as costly, as the wearer desires. For dressy toilettes the chosen material is velvet. Wool and velvet is the leading combination, taking the place of silk and wool or silk and velvet. As this is pre-eminently a velvet season, quantities of velveteen will be used. Velveteen will be largely employed in making or trimming street costumes, while velvet will be *en regle* for handsome indoor toilettes.

**Corduroys** will divide favor with cloth and velvet. It will be largely used for tailor-made jackets, plas-trons, revers, and front-breadths of cloth costumes. Another material, of the same order as corduroy, is *cord-de-la-reine*, an entirely new fabric, intended for combining with velveteen or cloth.

**Cloth Costumes.**—The new cloths have many names, but nearly all present a rough effect. Sometimes this roughness consists of a heavy twill, sometimes shaggy hairs, and sometimes raised stripes or figures produced by irregular curled threads. To the familiar homespun, blanket-cloths, bison-cloths, and tweeds are added the later boucle, hop sacking, and tricoot-cloths. The favorite trimming for these heavy cloths is braid. The braid now is not always laid in straight rows, but is often disposed in ornamental designs, somewhat after the manner of sou-tache embroidery, but not so finely as the latter.

**Other Woolen Materials.**—Lighter wool fabrics, as cashmeres, are always in fashion. But the favorites are the different varieties of *serges* and the old-fashioned *delaines*, which have reappeared under a number of new names. The prettiest of these woolen fabrics have solid grounds, black, navy-blue, or olive-green, with raised figures in bright color, as red cherries, autumn leaves, or polka dots. These are combined with plain materials of the same shade as the

ground color. When ribbons are added to a costume they match the colors of the raised figures.

**Wool laces** are profusely used. They come in all widths and colors, and are used for entire flounces and apron-fronts, as well as garniture for neck and sleeves. Not only do they ornament the new woollen costumes, but also those of velvet. They are both hand-made and machine-made, and both look so much alike that it is difficult to detect the difference, but the hand-made are as costly as real laces, which seems to argue that it is more economical to purchase machine-made, as woollen lace will go out of fashion, while real guipure never does.

**Fur trimmings** are more fashionable than ever. A novelty is dyed fur to match the cloth in a costume. A dress of navy-blue cashmere may be trimmed with flounces and frills of navy-blue woollen lace and bands of navy-blue fur. The handsomest furs, however, show their natural tints and markings. Furs for linings, trimmings, or garments never go out of fashion. The leading furs at present are seal-skin, natural beaver, silver fox, Astrakhan, and lynx.

**Seal plush** is an elegant new material for winter wraps. It is in three grades—all silk, silk and wool, and all wool. Its effect is very much like sealskin. Silk Astrakhan is another novelty, a beautiful woven imitation of Astrakhan lamb fur. These materials, when not used for entire wraps, are very suitable for the high collars and deep cuffs of the new cloth redingotes.

**Novel Wraps.**—A tailor-made jacket, of green baize, is quite a novelty. So is a jacket of dull-red cloth trimmed with braid and big buttons. A long redingote of red cloth is trimmed with braid and collar and cuffs of plush, seal, or Astrakhan.

**Other Wraps.**—A dressy wrap is a small visite of velvet brocade, trimmed with heavy chenille fringe. Such a garment is daintily lined with quilted satin of a bright color. Red is the favorite, but for a lining it is of a gay scarlet or cherry tint instead of the cardinal or poppy hues now so universally used for outside decoration. Long Newmarkets, Raglans, and redingotes, of cloth or sealskin, will be very popular. All the new wraps have high-shoulder effects.

**Winter Millinery.**—The Jockey and Tam O'Shanter caps and knitted polo caps will be worn by young ladies for every-day occasions. The handsomest bonnets are of cloth instead of velvet, as woollen is now more fashionable than silk fabrics. Cloth bonnets are trimmed with bows of bright-colored velvet, with feathers, with satin loops, with gilt and silver lace, but not to such an extent as to cover the cloth foundation. But almost any novelty is now allowable in millinery—the only question asked being, "Is it becoming to the wearer?"

**Embroideries** are always in favor. The newest embroidery effects are produced by colored cut-glass beads. The most magnificent of these are garnet-glass beads upon a foundation of garnet velvet. Embroideries are seen in all parts of costumes—flounces, apron-fronts, vests, collars, cuffs, plastrons, and bonnet crowns.

**Shoes.**—Low heels and broad soles are steadily gaining in favor. The "Common Sense" and the "Waukenphast" for winter are rapidly displacing French heels and narrow soles.

**Hosiery.**—Winter hosiery is of soft merino wool. The favorite colors are red, black, and gray.

**New Colors.**—Next to red, green is the favorite color, particularly the light shades, as moss-green and

apple-green. Golden seal is a beautiful brown. Havana brown is a dark tan color.

**Gloves.**—No glove was ever so thoroughly established as the long, tan-colored mousquetaire, which has, if possible, taken on a new lease of favor.

**Felt hats and bonnets** are embroidered with silk, crewel, and gold thread.

**Stripes** are exceedingly popular. Striped woollen fabrics, for trimming or combining with plain wool or velvet, are not the only form in which this fancy is seen. Striped satins in delicate shades are used for lining dainty wraps. A decided novelty is striped plush for wraps.

**Flowers, feathers, and the like**, when used for millinery, have been for some time past liberally powdered with gold or silver. Now this mode of decoration is giving way before two powders, one called *poudre laine*, or wool powder, the other *poudre velours*, or velvet powder.

**Cloak-clasps** are of silver, set with Scotch cairngorm stones.

**Ribbons** of fanciful weaves and designs are used to excess as dress-trimmings, not only as bows, loops, and flots, but also laid flat in rows, like braid.

**Hair-dressing.**—The hair is now dressed high, if becoming to the wearer. An odd fancy is to fasten a tiny bird in the centre of the high coil. The French twist is revived, but without the curls at the side worn when it was popular before.

**Fancy dress bodices** are of plush, trimmed with bead embroideries and fringes.

**Wooden beads** are new. A fringe of wooden beads was recently used to trim a handsome wrap of frieze velvet.

**Braid** will be very popular for trimming felt hats and cloth turbans.

**The newest redingotes** are like those popular four or five years ago, perfectly plain in the back, except for broad plaits, and being slashed open from tournure to hem.

Among the many attractive novelties that have appeared in stylish dress goods this fall is a new fabric called *Cord-de-la-Reine* which has become very popular with those desiring rich and serviceable costumes. *Cord-de-la-Reine* might at a glance be mistaken for corduroy of a fine quality, but it is far richer, the pile is deeper, and being softer, it drapes much more gracefully. The manufacturers of the celebrated Nonpareil Velveteens are the producers of this choice novelty, and they are finding a good market for it.

**New Ribbon Trimmings.**—Ribbons are to be used on dresses not merely as bows, but as flat galloons are now used, and in pendants forming front or side panels, each end of the ribbon being pointed and finished with bead tassels. This is handsome in black velvet ribbon, with the tassels of jet or of cashmere-colored beads on a black silk or velvet dress. The new wool, plush, and Astrakhan ribbons are to be largely used in similar ways, and are especially effective as borders and for trimming revers.

A pretty caprice in imported dresses is that of putting a fold of ribbon, an inch wide folded doubly, inside the collar and wrists of dresses. Poppy red is most favored for these folds, and a very small bow is placed on one side.

## Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.

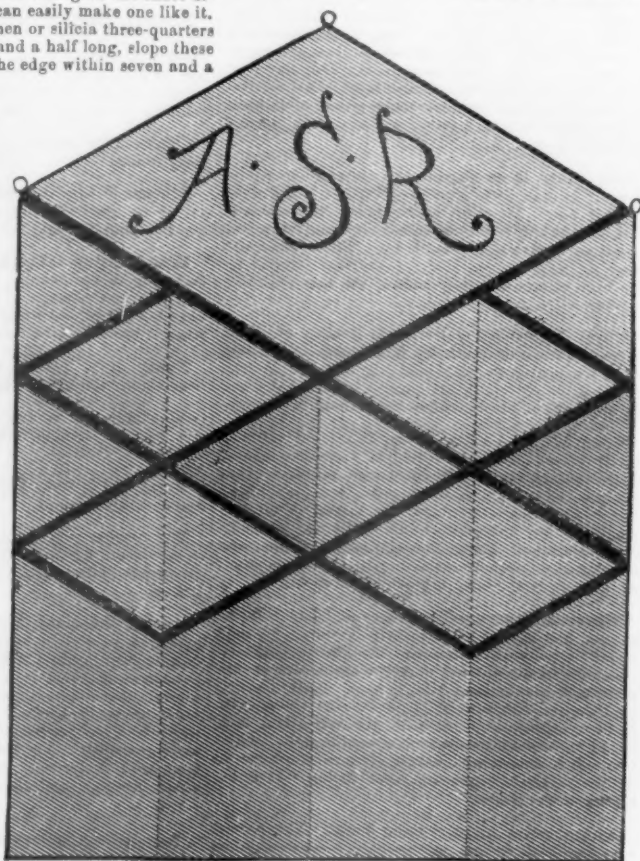
**Combination Bag.**—To glance at this bag, one would imagine it a very complicated affair, but upon examination will find its construction very simple. It has nine separate pockets, one large one, five good-sized ones, and four smaller ones, and will be found extremely useful on the inside of a closet door for holding soiled linen, shoes, parasols, and no end to the things that can be stowed in it.

The one seen here is made of gray linen, trimmed with dark brown braid. We will give the exact dimension of it, so any one can easily make one like it. First, cut two pieces of linen or silica three-quarters of a yard wide and one and a half long, slope these pieces from the centre to the edge within seven and a half inches of the bottom. Embroider the initials in dark brown. Bind the sloping sides of each piece with the braid for the space of twenty-one inches from the outside edge; baste the pieces together through the centre; fold the top pieces over from where the binding ceases to the middle; overhand them neatly together, then fold them to half the distance between the middle and sides, and back again to the middle, overhanding the parts together as before; fold it back again to the quarter space. Now fold the other pieces over to meet the first; overhand them on the first part all the way down; fold them back to the edge, then to the middle, overhanding them to the first part; to the edge once more, and finally to the first piece, where they are joined together by turning the edges in and overhanding them together. Bind the pocket all around with the braid, and rings on the top to hang it up by.

**Whisk Holders.**—There is no end to pretty ideas suggested for whisk broom holders. We have selected this one, not only because we thought it the prettiest, but for the fact that it is entirely original. To make one like it you want a triangular board for the back, measuring eleven inches on each side. The pieces on the sides which form the pocket are cut out of pasteboard and measure nine inches on one side, seven and five on the other two sides. Cover these neatly with plush on the outside and silica on the inside. The board is also covered with plush; draw it over on to the back and tack it down with very small tacks; cover the back with silica. Paint a spray of holly leaves and berries on the back and pieces for the pocket. The pieces are joined to the back on the longest side; overhand them on the wrong side to it; turn them and fasten together so that the broom fits

in snugly; large bows of satin ribbon are placed on each corner and one on the front; screw-eyes are fastened on the back to hang it up by.

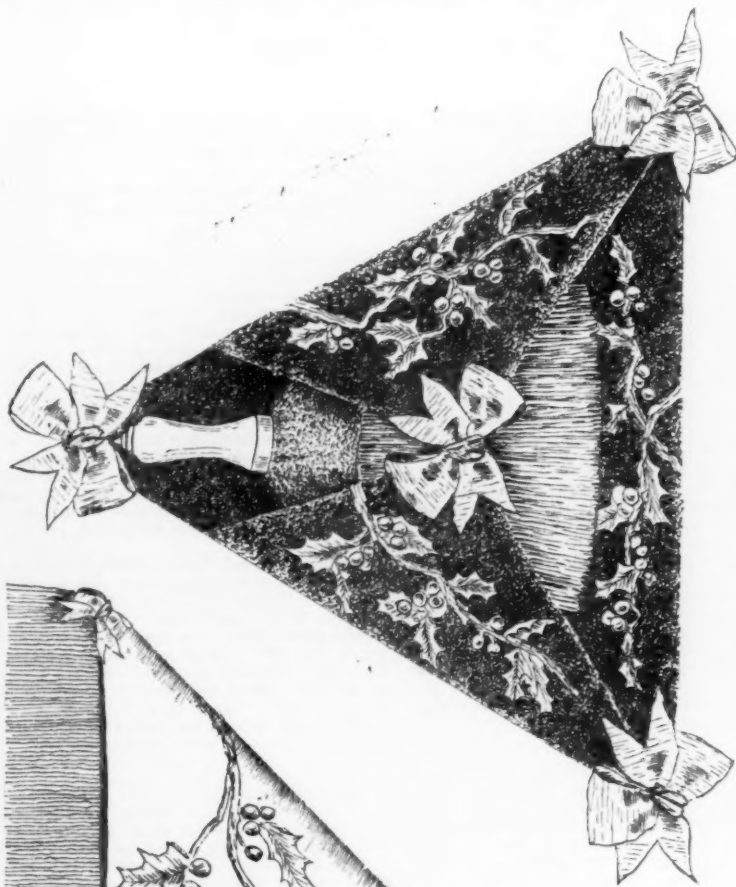
**Sachet.**—A pretty and quickly made sachet is shown in this design. It is made of a piece of white satin ribbon, which is five inches wide and seven long; it is fringed out on each end to the depth of one inch; fold it together so that it is triangular shaped;



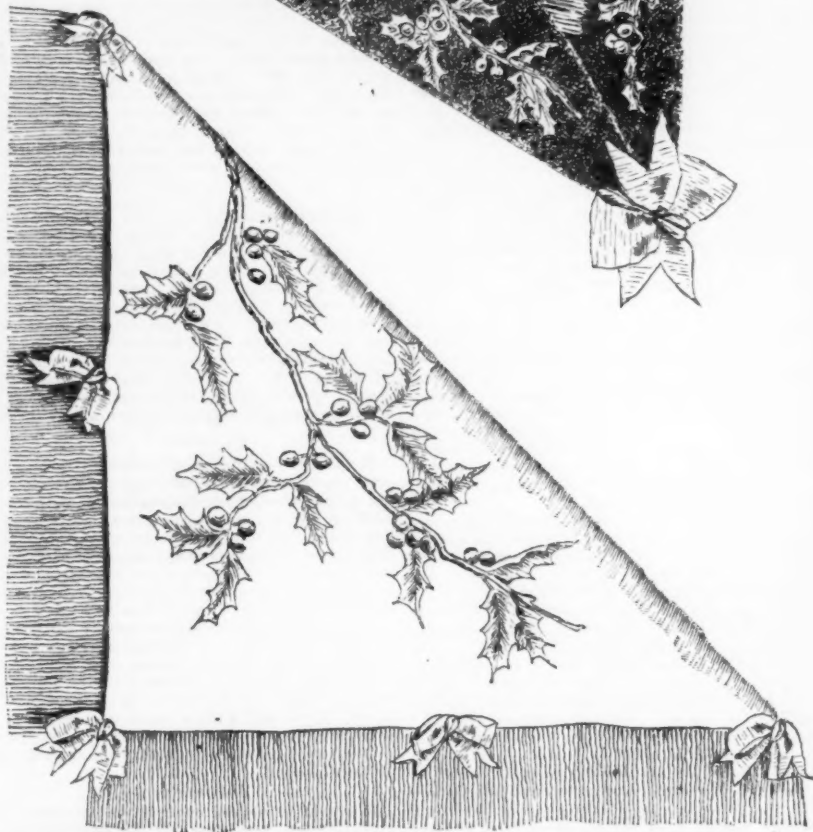
COMBINATION BAG.

cut several layers of cotton a trifle smaller than the outside; spread sachet powder between them, baste the cotton together so that the powder cannot sift out. The ribbon should be decorated before it is made up. When one can paint the spray of holly can be painted on, but there are decalcomanies which are prepared to transfer on satin which look almost as well as painting and save much time; tiny ribbon are sewed on each corner, and half way between these are tied in little bows on the upper side, and are all that is necessary to keep the sachet together.

WINE BOTTLE.



SACRET.





## Dole and Comment.

### Good Things Said at the Woman's Congress.

**W**OMEN find work as bookbinders, type-setters, proof-readers, type-writers, and as manufacturers of paper boxes; in wrapping candles, chocolate, medicine, soap, etc., in papers and inclosing them in boxes ready for market. The labor of women in mills, factories of great or small capacity, may or may not be shown. Said a successful manufacturer of ready-made clothing for men: "Women do three-fourths of all my work"—of course, doing it well or dismissal would follow—"but as the cutting of the garments is done by machinery managed by a man, and the finished garments are pressed by machinery also managed by a man, it would be difficult to make a separate exhibit." Identically the same answer was made by a wealthy shoe manufacturer: "All the fine work, amounting to one-half the entire work, is that of women, but there is no way to represent it." An exhibition of cork soles, which were made, packed, and boxed by women, was made by the employer. The manufacturer of wood veneers cheerfully exhibited the paintings in imitation of the expensive marquetry work of France and Italy, and one of the most successful manufacturers of chromos carefully separated the designing from the process of printing and then exhibited the completed pictures, the designs for which had, on their first appearance, gained the prizes offered for competition. The manufacture of straw goods has reached almost fabulous proportions; hundreds of women in the Eastern States maintain themselves and families by their industry.

No waiting for mortar-carriers. Straw-braiding for fine bonnets, once an important industry for women, was crippled by the introduction of machinery. Again, a coarse braid has become fashionable and the machine cannot sew it without destroying its beauty. So the work is once again done by the women in their homes. Glass-blowing is man's work, but the etching and painting done on the globes and shades for gas-burners and lamps is the work of women. One of the richest and most successful corporations in New England employs a large proportion of women and girls, and to the keen, well-trained eyes of the examiner of finished ware the corporation intrusts, in a way, its reputation. A woman examines and orders packed these articles as they come from the bench. These same goods are unpacked in all the markets of foreign countries; should the woman be careless, idle, or malicious, imagine the result.

While the men claim the legal time of ten hours a day as sufficient, in thousands of homes the woman, while serving in mill or factory, still carries on the work, cooking the meals, washing, nursing the young children by snatches, making their few garments, which the thrifty woman will have if she cheat herself of sleep and needed recreation. She supplements the wages of the husband and father, difficult to do if he be also industrious, for having begets having, and the wants increase as the cash in the drawer increases. But if he be ill, idle, intemperate, or dissolute, how infinitely harder for the woman. It is a generally accepted fact among those who know anything of the condition of the women employed, that it is quite unusual to find a lone woman. They are helping support parent or husband, child or kindred, often by their industry and economy, educating others for usefulness in the future. When we ponder upon the skillful division of labor

among men, so delicate the lines of demarkation that a mason will sit idle a third of a day waiting for his attendants to bring mortar to relay a portion of a hearth, the multiplicity of vocations which each woman who has a home is expected to pursue and does pursue, may well excite admiration and surprise.

In the New England States vast numbers of women add to their incomes in the home by making clothing, serving as book-agents, often selling the book to a man who does not want it; completing the work of the knitting-machine on hose and undergarments; by crocheting and knitting hoods, shawls, etc.; by stringing and packing the business tags so universally used; in cutting and trimming mica, which is quarried from rocky ledges in large masses and which is split into portions an inch thick, the woman commences her work. It splits into sheets as thin as paper. Every imperfection or scale is rubbed from the surface. The sheets are cut the desired size, and the mica sheets are ready for the stove manufacturer, who to-day is almost the only customer. An industrious woman can split, cut, and clear forty or forty-five pounds per day and earn good wages.

They prepare small fruits by drying; they can fruit and vegetables, pick raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, and cranberries in their season.

In the Middle States women are managing with success greenhouses, doing much of the work of raising, drying, and canning fruit and vegetables. In Maryland the picking of small fruit alone maintains an army of women and children, who commence picking in the southern countries, camping out, while they proceed northward as the berries ripen. Hops are also raised by women and oysters are shucked.

NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE Iowa women own and direct farms, eighteen manage farms, six own and direct stock farms, twenty manage dairy farms, five own greenhouses, nine manage market gardens, thirteen serve as county school superintendents, thirty-seven manage high institutions of learning, one hundred and twenty-five are physicians, five attorneys-at-law, ten ministers, three dentists, one hundred and ten are professional nurses, and one is a civil engineer. At Keokuk, Mrs. T. Nodles does the largest fancy grocery business in the State, established in 1860, and now amounting to eighty thousand dollars annually.

Nor to dwell on the small inventions, such as rain-pipe traps to keep leaves, etc., from the cisterns, hitching straps, rein-holders, work-tables for dressmakers, cooking utensils, carpet stretchers, etc., it may be mentioned that the paper-cutter which cuts through reams of book paper is the invention of a Massachusetts woman. The woman whose courage and trials in earning an honorable living drew her thoughts to a labor-saving machine to wire and bind bonnet frames, now claims royalties amounting to thousands of dollars annually. In Indiana a woman patented a most excellent table for holding large engravings.

In Central New York a young woman has the sole right to manufacture paper dolls to be dressed in paper. Commencing in a small way, while in her father's home, she has been enabled to extend the business quite gradually. To-day she employs thirty girls and women.

A woman in Boston controls the business of the manufacture of legs, arms, and bodies of dolls, and a



very ingenious woman controls the manufacture of stockinet baby dolls, which bear a striking resemblance to the real live article and are nearly indestructible.

The isolated cases where women have worked as blacksmiths, as carpenters, as dye-house managers, as a tanner, as a successful manufacturer of candy, running business wagons all over the State, as laundry managers, restaurant and boarding-house managers, and even the barber who advertises respectfully "lady barbers employed here," need only a passing notice. The rank and file plod on in safe and time-worn ways.

From England, the land which most of us love and which many of us try to imitate, come frightful revelations of the sacrifice of the weak and helpless of our sex to the Moloch of vice. On the high level of hereditary elegance and culture, this hideous abyss of wickedness opens before us, and we shrink with horror from the villainess which it reveals. No mythical treatment can help these evils, no waiting over them, no denunciation of those who perpetrate them. Such wailing, such denunciation may be in place. But more than these, we need the best thought and closest attention of our sex devoted to its true development and upbuilding. For the sins of ignorance, education can furnish a remedy. Against human wickedness we must establish the foundations of human virtue. This will of ours, uncertain in its objects, but proverbial as to its strength, must not dissipate itself in trifles, but concentrate itself upon the wants of the world and the part we have to perform in meeting them.

The woman who essays authorship is of necessity industrious; those to whom the making of a book is an unknown experience are apt to speak of the leisure of authors; only acquaintance with the work done can fit one to judge in this matter. As operators for telegraph or telephone, women fill many good and some lucrative places. Such positions as those of bookkeeper and cashier are usually accepted by women at a less salary than would be demanded by men. Much as this is to be regretted, we are yet convinced that the places at the top always pay. Common employments of women in dressmaking and in the manufacture of underwear are still remunerative, in spite of the competition of machinery and steam. In millinery work, hair work, and in the decoration of china and glass, women have long found employment. As artists in crayon, charcoal, oil or water colors, as engravers on wood or stone, as wood carvers, as photographers, copyists of fine paintings when the power to create is wanting, as taxidermists, as sculptors, as designers for wall-papers, oil-cloths, chromes and calicoes, for carpets and woven textures, they are known by their work.

WOMEN are industrious. There may be idle and aimless women in our midst, but they are in the minority. The mass, whether rich or poor, young or old, believe in the virtue of industry. Influences of years of inheritance have left in the minds of many men, as well as many women, the idea that only in the privacy of home may women be industrious. Labor in the home for those not under the roof has been strongly opposed by communities still later, but to day women are coming to the front as skilled laborers in many fields. The natural increase in population and by emigration developed the need of the activities of women outside the home and not in the church; not laboring to increase the needed salary of the pastor; to pay the interest on the mortgage of church property held by others, but whenever and wherever faithful and industrious hands could be employed to advantage for the benefit of community or corporations. In the missionary societies women

always have found a field for labor. Money compensation has always a strong attractive force, and it is not to be wondered at that women desire to possess it for itself as a lever with which to move obstacles in limited spheres.

PASSING over as well known the details of teaching work in some sections of our country, seven-eighths of the whole corps of teachers in public schools being women, also those who teach in homes, private schools, and as specialists in science, art, art embroidery, vocal and instrumental music, dancing, deportment, foreign languages, sewing, cooking, and decoration of china and pottery, are to be found in such numbers that one often fears lest the teachers outnumber the pupils. Last year the tuning of pianos was taught as a business to women. Women in scientific pursuits already stand well, recent as has been the departure. Physicians, chemists, dentists, geologists, botanists, entomologists, astronomers, and many others have shown that patient industry added to a love for the special study selected has borne good fruit. Women serve on State Boards of Education, on Boards of Charities, of Health and of Lunacy, on School Boards and Superintendents of Public Schools, as writers and copyists in probate courts and records, as well as the registry of deeds—work which requires precision, neatness, and industry. As superintendents in penal and reformatory institutions, as matrons, wherever the sick, the insane, the feeble-minded, the deaf, dumb, or blind are gathered together into asylums, as nurses in homes, in hospitals, or following the army to labor in the cold and with few comforts, women have already achieved much good work. Plainly, these industries cannot be ticketed and exhibited; they exist, and the world in general is aware of it.

Of great importance also may be considered the women of the press. While qualities of a high order tempt women in numerous instances to assume the arduous duties and responsibilities of editors and sub-editors, there are hosts of women who are laboring industriously to fill the public demand for petty details of all public gatherings, caucuses, receptions, balls, concerts, and fashion openings, etc. A year since, when it was proposed to inaugurate a national press association at the New Orleans Exposition, official correspondence revealed over two hundred newspapers on whose staff women were employed.

## Publishers' Department.

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## COMPOUND OXYGEN.

Mr. Lewis S. Patterson, of Roxbury, N. Y., writes the following, with liberty to print:

"From infancy I had been a great sufferer from *asthma*. The slightest exposure or change in the weather would bring it on, and the paroxysms would last four or five days, and sometimes come on every week for months in succession. I was very much emaciated, and my shoulders were drawn forward until I looked like a natural hunchback. Four years ago next month (August), when in this terrible condition, and while suffering beyond words to express, unable to lie in bed by day or night, my kind friend, Mrs. Cator, brought me the Oxygen and instructed me in the use of it. At first I could inhale but a short puff or two at a time, and Mrs. Cator suggested that I should use it several times during the paroxysm. I did so, and in twenty-four hours I was greatly relieved and have never since then had so severe an attack. I continued the inhalations daily, according to the directions, and in two months gained twelve pounds in weight. I was then fourteen years of age. I used two Treatments and thought I was cured; but last October had a slight attack again. I immediately sent for another Treatment, and after using it a few days, found the *asthma* symptoms had all disappeared, and I hope they will never return. I am now, thanks to the Oxygen Treatment, nearly as straight as any one, and wish I could tell every *asthma* sufferer the good Compound Oxygen has done me. You can abridge this and use it in any way you choose.

"To Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia."

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# It Will Save Your Life.

Everybody knows the symptoms attending coughs and colds, but the dangerous character of these ailments is not so well understood. When a cold settles upon the lungs, if the blood is tainted with Scrofula, or the system is weak, Catarrh or Consumption is sure to follow. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the only remedy that may be uniformly relied upon for the cure of coughs and colds. J. J. Rawson, Buckingham C. H., Va., writes: "For several weeks I suffered from a frightful cold, with cough and frequent

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me entirely." Mrs. R. Campbell, Woodville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled, for five years, with an affection of the throat and lungs, coughing severely the whole time. I used different preparations, and was treated by several physicians, without effect. I finally tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before finishing one bottle was completely cured." Dr. W. K. Gann, Monticello, Ky., writes: "I have been troubled with Bronchitis, since early youth, and am now 37 years of age. I owe my life to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Dr. J. H. Quirk, Fulton, Kans., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life twenty years ago. It is a favorite medicine in my family."

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of this troublesome complaint, when other remedies afforded no relief." Dr. F. Schley, Fredericktown, Md., writes: "In pulmonary cases, of an acute character, or, of catarrhal origin, I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable." Dr. F. E. Pape, Sandusky, Ohio, writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and, in connection with Ayer's Pills, find it an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs, and the inflammations that follow them upon the throat and lungs. We have no other remedy which I consider so sure in its effects." C. H. Pierce, Moline, Ill., writes: "Catarrh had nearly destroyed my sense of taste and smell. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral effected a complete cure."

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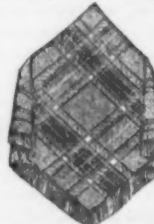
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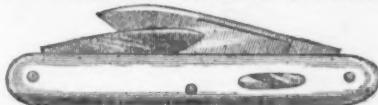
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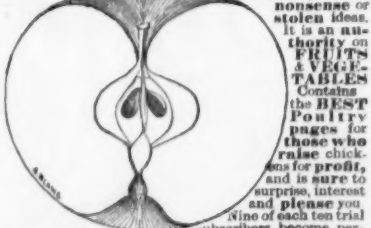
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## ILLS OF CHILDREN.

The July HEALTH AND LIFE contained a very interesting statement by Mrs. M. J. French, of Ludington, Mich., of the treatment of her child for "diphtheria" with "Compound Oxygen." Mothers everywhere are finding it an aid to them in many ways, and are enthusiastic in their praise of this simple and pleasant remedy.

A mother writing from Italy Hill, N. Y., says:

"I believe I never told you that I gave it to my two children, who had always been very slender and have never had to call in a doctor for them since. They are both healthy now."

From a clergyman of Houlton, Me.:

"About one month ago our son Willie, eleven years old, began taking Compound Oxygen, and since that time he has steadily improved every day. For three months previous to his taking the Oxygen he was almost constantly pressed for breath and coughed badly, especially nights, was very weak, and seemed to be failing every day. He would take cold apparently every four or five days—could not bear the least exposure; but since he began the Treatment he has not seemed to take cold once. Is quite strong and full of vigor, and for the last two weeks his cough has nearly ceased, his countenance looks much better, his appetite is excellent, and in every respect apparently he is much better. When he began taking the Oxygen I could count thirty only during a single inspiration; now I can count almost three hundred (two hundred and ninety-three) during a single inhalation. To us it seems almost like a miracle."

A gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives a very interesting unsolicited testimonial. Many such letters are gratifying proof of the high value of the Compound Oxygen in families:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 29th, 1885.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEY—Gentlemen:—About four years ago my son, about ten years old, had suffered a relapse after an attack of gastric difficulty that seriously reduced his strength, so that we were somewhat alarmed for his general health, as there had always been a tendency to take cold "on slight provocation," when an intermittent fever set in that seemed to defy our efforts. We began using "Compound Oxygen," and were surprised as well as gratified with the rapid improvement that followed. Within three weeks all signs of the old troubles had left the boy. His appetite improved, he gained flesh, and was well again. On several occasions we found that a return to "Compound Oxygen" checked any new attack of cough or bronchitis, and kept him up!

My wife also has had occasion to try the "Compound Oxygen" for chills and coughs, to which she has been subject, and never has failed to get relief, followed by cure with repeated applications.

In fact, all of us have found benefit in the use of your inhaler in cases of colds, coughs, night-sweating, debility, etc., though I cannot say we had a case of chronic disease to treat. But we value the "Home Treatment" highly as a certain relief in all cases of catarrhal or bronchial trouble or nervousness, and have no hesitation in recommending its use to any who require a healing tonic.

Yours truly, J. E. CHAPIN,  
414 Quince Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Lewis S. Patterson, of Roxbury, N. Y., writes the following, with liberty to print:

"From infancy I had been a great sufferer from asthma. The slightest exposure or change in the weather would bring it on, and the paroxysms would last four or five days, and sometimes come on every week for months in succession. I was very much emaciated, and my shoulders were drawn forward until I looked like a natural hunchback. Four years ago next month (August), when in this terrible condition, and while suffering beyond words to express, unable to lie in bed by day or night, my kind friend, Mrs. Cator, brought me the Oxygen and instructed me in the use of it. At first I could inhale but a short puff or two at a time, and Mrs. Cator suggested that I should use it several times during the paroxysm. I did so, and in twenty-four hours I was greatly relieved and have never since then had so severe an attack. I continued the inhalations daily, according to the directions, and in two months gained twelve pounds in weight. I was then fourteen years of age. I used two Treatments and thought I was cured; but last

October had a slight attack again. I immediately sent for another Treatment, and after using it a few days, found the asthma symptoms had all disappeared, and I hope they will never return. I am now, thanks to the Oxygen Treatment, nearly as straight as any one, and wish I could tell every asthma sufferer the value of Compound Oxygen."

## TESTIMONIES FROM PHYSICIANS.

Dr. A. L. Potter, A. M., of Albion, Highland Cure N. Y., wrote us the following letter, Aug. 13th, 1885:

"Some three or four years ago your brochure fell into my hands, and the more I read the more I was convinced that a new curative agent had been discovered."

"I had practiced my profession quite successfully for twenty-five years (Homoeopathic), and yet I longed to find something that would uproot chronic diseases, especially catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, and consumption."

"While under conviction and undecided about adopting the Oxygen Treatment, I wrote Dr. Turner, of N. Y.; R. C. Strather, of Monroe, La.; Dr. R. G. Smedley, West Chester, Pa., and Rev. I. H. Platte, M. D., Ridgefield, Conn.; T. S. Arthur, Wm. Penn Nixon, and the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, Pa., and their replies in testimony and advice made me a firm convert, and convinced me that Oxygen was the most safe, successful, and wonderful treatment of the nineteenth century."

"In February, 1882, I had a patient with weak lungs who desired to try it; but she was poor. I told her that I would bear one-half the expenses. I sent for a Home Treatment, and gave it to her. After six or eight weeks she declared herself cured. I very soon ordered two or three others, and from time to time have caused to be ordered some ten or fifteen of your Home Treatments."

"A paralytic, who fell from a building and well broke his neck, lay helpless for six weeks, and was unable to do anything, when I commenced to treat him. He can now do double the work I can, and appears to be quite restored. This was in 1883. One order, a few weeks ago, was for a lady who was helpless and bedridden three months ago. She now drives her own horse to town and attends to business."

From Russellville, Ala., a physician writes:

"I once more send to you for a supply of Compound Oxygen. I have never prescribed it in a single instance without, in my judgment, decided improvement to my patient."

From Jonesboro, Ind., a physician writes:

"About four weeks ago one of my patients ordered a treatment of Compound Oxygen. He was very low with lung trouble, consumption. He read about your Compound Oxygen and was anxious to try it, as my treatment was not doing good. I advised him to have it ordered. He did so, since which time he has been feeling better in every way, to the great pleasure of himself and myself. Now, as I have been in poor health for some time, and have used all the ordinary medicines to prevent and keep off colds, but without avail, please send me your Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen immediately, O. O. D."

## COMPOUND OXYGEN LITERATURE.

We give herewith a part only of the cures of diseases, of which patients have written us. We have very much more material than we can use. But these are a fair sample of the statements of grateful appreciation by the patrons of Compound Oxygen. They have tried and proved it, and now tell the story that we may refer to their cases to inspire others with the hope that they also may find relief by the same means. We print few names in HEALTH AND LIFE, none without permission, and we repeat our offer to send to any address additional evidence of the value of the Treatment. We publish monographs on asthma, catarrh, hay fever, consumption, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism. We also publish "the right sort of a jury," consisting of twelve statements by cured patients, three of whom are judges, three editors, three well-known ladies, and three prominent business men, also a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, "What Compound Oxygen Is—Its Mode of Action and Results." These will be sent free, with postage paid, to any address on application, so that any one who desires the fullest evidence can have it for the asking. We are glad to furnish it to all who apply.—From Health and Life, October.

Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEY,  
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